

The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England



Douglas Dickins

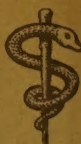
The monastery of Jeronimos, Lisbon, where many Kings of Portugal were buried. H.M. Queen Elizabeth II will see the monastery during her visit to Portugal beginning on February 18

In this number:

America and the British Left (David Butler)

The Chemical Basis of Life—I (Ernest Baldwin)

Does Oxford Moral Philosophy Corrupt Youth? (G. E. M. Anscombe)



METAL MORE ATTRACTIVE

by PODALIRIUS

In past ages, my colleagues had a habit of prescribing various metals for their patients. Mercury was once in favour; antimony had its day, and in nauseous mixtures was, for a time, all the rage. Now my colleagues favour cobalt, not in a nauseous draught but made into a very proper vitamin to assuage the dumb cravings of the body. This element, or more precisely his radio brother, radio-active cobalt, also shows signs of superseding that erstwhile wonder, radium, in the treatment of malignant disease.

And what, you may ask, is this cobalt? The word does not suggest anything good to eat; in Greece we used it to mean 'rascal,' and the Germans later applied it to a bad sort of underground fairy or goblin. Silver miners in Saxony found among the silver ores one looking much the same which was actually a cobalt ore containing arsenic; it gave off poisonous fumes on smelting, and yielded no silver; 'kobolds are in it,' said the miners.

The need of living creatures for cobalt was first discovered not by doctors but by the veterinary scientists. Sheep and cattle in parts of Australia, and on some hills in Scotland, suffered a disease called by the Scots 'pine'. This was found to be due to lack of cobalt in the soil and pastures, and to be rapidly cured by dosing the animals or the grass with small amounts of cobalt.

When I was a boy, one of the deadly diseases was anaemia, truly known as pernicious, for which my colleagues had no cure. In more recent times, it was found to be cured by eating large quantities of liver, or injecting extracts of liver. There seemed to be two factors involved, one in the food, the other in the patient's stomach. Liver contained an unidentified substance, needed to grow fresh red blood cells. Biochemists, by patient work, have now separated the active substance from the liver in a pure form, and called it 'vitamin B₁₂'. This new vitamin, a very complicated chemical, proved to contain an atom of cobalt in each large molecule, and was officially named 'cobalamin'. A most beneficent goblin this, and only required in minute amounts. The injection of less than a millionth of an ounce once a fortnight can be enough to keep pernicious anaemia at bay. Cobalamin appears to be the factor in the food, and healthy people, having the factor in their stomachs which is missing in pernicious anaemia, can absorb the vitamin from the various foods in which it exists, and use it to help build their little red cells.

I like to ponder the curious fact that these little red cells, containing as their chief constituent haemoglobin, a large and complicated molecule centred round an atom of iron, require for their formation a little of that other metal, cobalt, which shares with iron the property of magnetism.

Although some of us may not have heard about cobalamin, most of us know that iron is essential for the production of red blood cells. And most readers of this column should know by now that Bemax has an exceptionally high iron content.

Bemax, taken regularly, provides us not only with iron but with protein and the B vitamins—not B₁₂, the new member of the family of B vitamins, but the older, and equally important, B₁, B₂, and B₆. Bemax is stabilised wheat germ and is available, either plain or chocolate-flavoured, from all chemists.

THE BEST OF PODALIRIUS. A second series of selected Podalirius articles is now available in booklet form. Write to the address below for your free copy.

Issued in the interests of the nation's health by Vitamins Ltd. (Dept. L.T.7), Upper Mall, London, W.6.



Some of the most
enjoyable evenings
that I have spent
with my television set
have come out of
a tin of



4/4 the oz.
and vacuum fresh
at that!

The Listener

Vol. LVII. No. 1455

Thursday February 14 1957

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Why Israel Defies the United Nations (John Freeman) ...	251
Texas and Oil for Europe (John Harvey) ...	252
Prosperity Returns to Persia (Douglas Stuart) ...	252
Economic Problems in the U.S.S.R. (Thomas Barman) ...	253
Intellectual Ferment in Eastern Germany (H. T. Betteridge) ...	254
What the New Rent Bill Will Mean (A. C. L. Day) ...	255
America and the British Left (David Butler) ...	259

THE LISTENER:

Royal Visit to Portugal ...	256
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	256

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A Challenging Actor (Peter Ustinov) ...	257
A Fifteenth-century Schoolboy (Maida Stanier) ...	257
The Mouse-eared Bat (Michael Blackmore) ...	258
Druids and All That (Graham Sutton) ...	258

POEMS:

The Sick Mind (Gloria Evans Davies) ...	260
My Heart Goes Out (Stevie Smith) ...	260
Cantiga d'Amigo (Gilbert Phelps) ...	264

ART:

The Centenary of the National Portrait Gallery (David Piper) ...	261
Round the London Galleries (Alan Clutton-Brock) ...	276

THE THEATRE:

Memories of the Old Vic (Eric Phillips) ...	263
---	-----

SCIENCE:

The Chemical Basis of Life—I (Ernest Baldwin) ...	265
---	-----

PHILOSOPHY:

Does Oxford Moral Philosophy Corrupt Youth? (G. E. M. Anscombe) ...	266
---	-----

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	268
--	-----

LAW:

Bringing Copyright Up to Date (A Queen's Counsel) ...	271
---	-----

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Ernest Green, Victor Cowan, Dr. F. H. George, Freda Singer, Margaret Knight, Philip Radcliffe, Michael Wace, A. E. Egerton, George Scott-Moncrieff, Bertha Baily, Bertha Lonsdale, H. W. Maxwell, C. P. Allinson, and Judith C. Loshak ...	273
---	-----

THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE ...	277
-----------------------------------	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Martin Armstrong) ...	282
Television Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	282
Sound Drama (Roy Walker) ...	283
The Spoken Word (Michael Swan) ...	284
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	284

MUSIC:

Orff's 'Carmina Burana' (Scott Goddard) ...	285
---	-----

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	287
-----------------------	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	287
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,394 ...	287
-------------------------	-----

Why Israel Defies the United Nations

By JOHN FREEMAN

IT is not often that you find a country whose people are absolutely united and determined on a major issue of public policy. Britain in the summer of 1940 is one of the classic examples: and Israel in 1957. Indeed a recent visit to Israel reminded me more vividly of what we all felt in 1940 than anything else I can think of. Rightly or wrongly, every Jew in Israel believes that the Israeli nation is standing alone against the world, and that its very survival is at stake.

It is only when you see on the ground the appalling threat of violence and destruction under which this young democracy has been living, that you understand what they mean. It is difficult for us to imagine the intense feelings of the young mother in a Kibbutz, who dare never be separated from her pistol, whose children have to be taught with their A.B.C. the drill of taking cover; or of the engineer struggling with the vast problem of watering the immemorial desert of the Negëv, who watches again and again the destruction of his life-bearing water pipes. 'War?' say the Israelis. 'For us the war of 1948 has never ceased. Every night our lives and homes depend on personal vigilance; and every week some of our families are killed by invaders. Do you blame us if we have little faith in the United Nations which has failed to protect us through all the eight years in which the Arab states have refused to make peace with us?'

When Ben-Gurion decided to invade Egypt, he had, I should guess, three immediate objectives in mind: first, to disperse the big Egyptian military build-up which with Russian help was threatening Israel's southern frontier; second, to secure control of the Gaza Strip, from which Egyptian irregulars were launching nightly commando raids deep into Israeli territory; third, to break the blockade of the Gulf of Akaba, where the Egyptians, in defiance of international law and of their 1949

armistice agreement with Israel, had stopped all access by sea to Israel's southern port of Eilat. These three objectives were all secured, and it is now three months since the fighting stopped. The Israelis have demobilised their army and have withdrawn from all the territory they occupied except at two points. One is the narrow sliver of land down the west coast of the Gulf of Akaba, from Eilat to Sharm el Sheikh—the base from which the Egyptian guns were blockading Eilat; and the second is the Gaza Strip. The resolution passed by the General Assembly last week, with only the votes of Israel and France against it, was the sixth demand of the United Nations since November 2 for Israel's total withdrawal.

But the Israelis are not going. They say their occupation of these two small areas is solely for the purpose of stopping consistent acts of war by the Egyptians. But, says the United Nations in a further resolution, first withdraw and we will then dispose a United Nations force along your front with Egypt and consider what else can be done to make all parties honour the 1949 armistice. To an Israeli that sounds upside down. He doubts whether, once Israeli troops have withdrawn, the United Nations will be any more willing or able to act against Arab belligerency than it has been over the last eight years; he has little faith in the permanency of the United Nations force, or its effectiveness to clean up the nests of saboteurs in the Gaza Strip. While, as to the Gulf of Akaba, a United Nations force along the frontier is useless to deal with a blockade which the Egyptian dictator was operating from a point 100 miles inside Egyptian territory.

I think—though no Israeli official dreams of admitting it—that in the end the Israelis will offer some compromise over the Gaza Strip. Their objective of stopping the Fedayeen could be achieved if the Strip were

administered by the United Nations. A senior official actually said to me ten days ago that 'the present administrative process'—that is, the Israeli occupation—'should work in suitable relation with the United Nations. That sounds to me to be the sort of formula which could lead to negotiation. But not so at Akaba: until the Israelis are satisfied that the Egyptian blockade is over once and for all, they are going to stay put.'

That may seem very wicked. But consider what the Israelis are really after: they are using their own resources to secure their unquestioned

rights, which so far the United Nations has failed to secure for them. The object of their defiance is a peace treaty which assures to them their legitimate frontiers: no more, no less. That is an offence for which I confess some sympathy. I think, moreover, that they will see their enterprise through, even if it should come to sanctions. Ben-Gurion expresses no more than the resolution of his people. If he gave way on Akaba he would be swept from office. Remember what I said about 1940: Ben-Gurion has neither the desire nor the temperament to play Chamberlain.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Texas and Oil for Europe

By JOHN HARVEY

THE first thing that impressed me in Texas was the genuine sympathy with Britain and the real desire to help us and western Europe in our present oil problems. But the oil industry of Texas is infinitely more complex than we might assume. Thousands of comparatively 'small men' have a live personal interest in oil production. The oil is deemed to be owned by the individuals who own the land under which it lies. The land-owning farmer or rancher may have assigned the mineral rights in specified parts of his land to one or more large oil companies, to smaller oil operators, to a banker, a moneylender, a charitable trust, or Uncle Tom Cobleigh. So when oil is discovered in one particular plot it involves the interests of a great many people in that and in neighbouring plots, and actual production cannot really begin until all of these interests have been properly evaluated.

Then oil, once produced, has to be moved through pipelines running for hundreds of miles, across all sorts of land, to refineries and ocean terminals. Under the State Government, the Texas Railroad Commission has become primarily responsible for the construction and connection of pipelines, and equally for policies designed to obtain maximum yields and minimum wastage of oil and gas, and it ensures a fair crack of the whip for all those who have a legitimate stake in Texas oil. The fact that the Railroad Commission still allows oil to be produced at a rate of only fifteen days' output per month does not mean that the total monthly output could be doubled, or anything like it. There are many fields or wells that cannot even produce the present total 'allowed' by the Commission, for various technical reasons. Most areas are producing at or about their total capacity short of introducing new production or transportation facilities.

There are two main reasons why Texas cannot give us in western Europe the large-scale and immediate increase in oil supplies that we need. The first is that existing pipelines are largely geared to the American economy and the bulk of these travel north instead of to the Atlantic seaboard. There is a fear that the physical task of reorganising production and transportation patterns, so as to deliver to the Atlantic

coast the large quantities of oil that Europe requires, could not be completed before the present emergency was virtually over, when there would be no market for the diverted and increased flow of oil.

The second reason why Texas cannot satisfy our immediate needs is that there is some conflict of viewpoint between independent producers and the large oil companies as to what America's oil policy should be. Independent producers believe that the big oil companies have deliberately kept large stocks of oil above the ground, and have brought increasing quantities of cheap Middle-Eastern oil into America in order to keep prices down. Until last month independent American oil producers had received no price increases for four years, despite constantly rising costs of labour, machinery, and equipment. They genuinely regard the Middle East, where an average well can produce some 290 times as much oil a day as an average American well, to be a serious threat to the years of hard work that they have put into building up their own industry. They believe this may be their last chance to seek from the big international oil companies suitable assurances guaranteeing some measure of protection to independent American producers in their home market against low-price competition from overseas. This is, to them, not a dog-in-the-manger policy but a matter of bread-and-butter politics.

There are many other aspects of the problem with which I cannot deal fully here. However, I would not like to leave the impression that nothing has been done to help us so far. Stocks have been heavily run down wherever they could readily be moved to the coast. Impressive quantities of oil have been diverted from the American market wherever possible, and as Texas comes more and more to understand our problems and our needs so is it proving more and more willing to help. They have large stocks of gasoline (*i.e.*, petrol) which they would be only too pleased to sell us if we could afford to divert tankers to collect it. But it is fuel oil and crude oil that we vitally need to keep our industry going. We look at Texas today, thinking of our own problems. But they have their problems, too, which we in turn must try to understand.

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

Prosperity Returns to Persia

By DOUGLAS STUART, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent

THE air of Abadan is thick with the smell of the refinery, the huge steel laboratory of towers and pipes which sprawls for five square miles along the banks of the Shatt al Arab at the head of the Persian Gulf. But for the people of Abadan the smell is not unpleasant—it is the smell of work for 30,000 men employed in the biggest refinery in the world, the smell of money, of returning prosperity. For three years after the nationalisation of the Persian oil industry and the expropriation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, the refinery at Abadan scarcely functioned. Then came the agreement between the Persian Government and the international consortium formed by the leading oil companies of Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States. Now the refinery is working at about three-fifths of its pre-nationalisation capacity. The experts told me: 'We shall be back to full capacity by the end of the year.'

I asked the experts in Abadan if it is their intention to refine three-quarters of the oilfields' production, as was done in the days before nationalisation. 'No', they said, 'our new policy is to concentrate on exporting crude and not refined oil'. First, they said, times have changed: Abadan is now facing increasing competition from new refineries recently built in Asia and in Europe. Second, the world demand for crude oil is continuously expanding. Abadan will always be important, I was told: last year, the refinery processed just over 12,000,000 tons of oil out of a total production of 26,000,000 tons; but over the years crude oil exports will rapidly outdistance exports of refined spirit.

The fact is that the oil resources of southern Persia appear to be almost unlimited. There is so much oil under the foothills of the Zagros Mountains that not even a refinery double the size of Abadan

could handle the potential production of the present fields. I visited a well which was brought into production less than a year ago. The Persian manager of the fields told me proudly: 'This is the biggest well in the world; it can produce oil at the rate of 2,000,000 tons a year and we estimate that it can continue to do so easily for at least fifty years'. The oil is there; the problem is getting it away. The problem is twofold—steel pipes and tankers. Both are scarce.

I followed the pipelines down the hills and across the desert to the expanding crude oil port of Bandar Mashur on the Persian Gulf. Across the waste of sand I saw the shining silver cylinders of the tank farm and the smoke from the funnel of a tanker coming in to load at one of the four jetties. British contractors are now building a fifth jetty, and a sixth will be completed before the end of the year. Each of the new jetties will be able to handle 5,000,000 tons of crude

oil a year. In addition to the jetties I saw workmen busily putting up eighteen new storage tanks on the foreshore. When completed these will bring Bandar Mashur's storage space up to almost 500,000 tons. The deputy terminal superintendent, a Scotsman, showed me round the port. 'We have a great advantage over Abadan', he said. 'We can take tankers up to 45,000 tons: Abadan can only take tankers up to 23,000 tons. But there aren't enough tankers; ever since the Suez Canal was blocked we've had to cut back production in the fields. Now the ships are beginning to come round the Cape, but they come in fits and starts'. I looked at the jetties; there was one British tanker loading. 'That's how it is', my companion said, 'other times we get tankers standing off, queuing for their turn to load'. Then he said the words I'd heard so many times in Abadan, in the oilfields, and now at Bandar Mashur, the new port: 'The oil's there; the trouble is to get it away'.

— *From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Economic Problems in the U.S.S.R.

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

A GREAT many reports have been reaching the western world over the past few months about unrest in the Soviet Union—unrest in the universities, in the factories, and among the oppressed peoples of Georgia, the Ukraine, and Estonia. It was widely believed that all this unrest would eventually force the Government to do something to ease living conditions for ordinary people: to give them, so to speak, an instalment or two out of that golden age of equality and prosperity that stands everlastingly upon the threshold of the Communist tomorrow. So when the Supreme Soviet reassembled last week, it was expected that something would be done to meet the grievances of ordinary men and women.

We knew that the economic plan for the five years from 1956 to 1960 was altogether unworkable. That was admitted at the end of last year, eleven months after it had been launched. It was then announced that the original estimates had been too ambitious, that the output of coal, timber, and cement was falling short of requirements, and that the housing programme—and the housing shortage is probably the worst problem facing the Soviet Government—was falling to pieces. So the Central Committee announced that the planners had been forced into some deflation of their expectations. Although Soviet statistics are still scrappy, the figures given to the Supreme Soviet last week do enable us to gain some idea of what is happening.

In December the planners admitted that the rate of increase in the output of industry as a whole would be around 11 per cent. for the year 1956, as compared with an estimated average annual increase of 13 per cent. in the five-year plan. Now, the rate of increase for industrial output for 1957 is estimated at around 7 per cent.—a good deal less than last year, and only about a half of the annual average given in the five-year plan. If we allow for the fact that this rate of increase includes a far greater increase in the housing and related industries, then there may well be an actual decline in certain kinds of industrial activity, to the extent even of creating local pockets of unemployment. Now, the rate of increase in the output of consumer goods—of all the things that the Russians have waited for for so long, the

kind of goods that we in the western world expect to find in our shops—is even more sharply reduced: it is less than half of that advertised in the five-year plan. The only outstanding success that the planners have achieved—if indeed the planners did achieve it—is the grain harvest. Taking the Soviet Union as a whole, it seems that there was a bigger harvest this year than at any time since the October revolution.

So far as ordinary men and women are concerned, therefore, the year 1957 does not promise any remarkable improvement in their living standards. It remains to be seen whether they will be satisfied with marking time in this way—against the background of all the promises of future wealth and happiness that have been made so often in the past. The difficulty facing the Soviet Government is not just the difficulty of choosing between more investment in coal mines and steel works on the one hand, and a greater output of, say, textiles and sewing machines on the other. It is, rather, that they are caught in the toils of their own power politics—which require heavy armaments to intimidate the Western Powers. It is true that the Minister of Finance



Mr. Pervukhin, chairman of the U.S.S.R. State Economic Commission, addressing the sixth meeting of the Supreme Soviet on February 5

announced this week a reduction of some 6 per cent. in the Soviet Government's expenditure on defence. But it is impossible to say what this means. Let us take one example: the Minister announced at the same time that expenditure on machinery and equipment for the engineering industry was to be increased by nearly 20 per cent., or about twice the amount saved on the official defence estimates. Who can say, except the party leaders themselves, how much of this engineering expenditure is for defence purposes?

The other difficulty facing the Soviet Government is the growing demands that China, the Middle East, and eastern Europe are making upon the Soviet economy. Until recently, the countries of eastern Europe were sources of wealth to Russia, and they were all ruthlessly exploited. This period has ended. Unofficial estimates put the extent of Soviet aid to eastern Europe last year at nearly £200,000,000. So long as these demands continue and so long as China continues her insatiable demands upon the products of Russian heavy industry, the Soviet consumer will have to wait.— *From Our Own Correspondent* (Home Service)

Intellectual Ferment in Eastern Germany

By H. T. BETTERIDGE

THE earliest signs of the collapse of the Stalin myth in east Germany can perhaps be seen in the discussion preparatory to the Congress of Authors and Journalists, and in some of the speeches at the congress itself. This gathering took place a year ago, and reputable Communist writers such as Anna Seghers, Willi Bredel, Stefan Heym, and Stefan Hermelin, and even the Minister of Culture Becher, gave voice to their desire for greater independence of thought. Such utterances were indeed tame compared with the criticism expressed at the similar gatherings of Czech and Hungarian writers in June of that year, and one received the impression that the German demonstration amounted to no more than pious but empty words. That they had nevertheless not passed entirely unheeded can be seen by a question asked in October in the journal of the *Kulturbund*, the weekly *Sonntag*. It wrote: 'But where do we find the voice of the German writer in the daily press, in periodicals, in public gatherings?'

Criticism from the Young Writers

The answer was already to hand. At the end of June a Congress of Young Artists had met in Khemnitz, and a group of young writers from east Berlin had come forward openly with their criticism and demands. Their spokesman, the twenty-five-year-old Heinz Kahlau, quoted a Polish author who had condemned his colleagues for sacrificing truth to reality. Recent history had been degraded to the level of mythology; German artists had become 'the town-criers for party edicts and government pronouncements'. Faithful party members did not fail to shout down Kahlau's criticism, but his demands were supported by others from his own generation. The student poet Manfred Streubel declared: 'All the sound concepts have become inflated; peace, friendship, patriotism, and the like have no meaning any longer. We have shouted ourselves hoarse and made the public deaf even to the truth'. The slightly older Jens Gerlach complained that the state through its various organisations made it difficult for the young writer to be a poet.

Such discontent among the young intellectuals is entirely misunderstood if we imagine for a moment that they are anti-Communist. Their development, first under National Socialism, then under the Soviet state, has been carefully screened from all outside influences. Kahlau, for instance, left his elementary school only in 1945. For the most part they come from working-class families, and they owe their education and the encouragement to become creative artists solely to the Socialist state. In return the state requires that they should use their creative gifts in pursuit of its approved aims. For the majority with mediocre talents, this presents no difficulty and no problem. It is obvious, however, that an artist with anything more than a spark of genuine creativeness must in time come to realise that his powers are being stultified by the strait-jacket of political directives.

Kahlau's attack on dictatorship of the mind and spirit was printed in the student newspaper *Forum* and started a lively public discussion. Most of the comments published were, to be sure, empty-headed repudiations of Kahlau's point of view. That was only circumspect; but the editors, to prove their open-mindedness, and to show, perhaps, their real sympathies too, also printed a well-argued defence by a pupil of Ernest Bloch, the Leipzig professor of philosophy. This was a young writer named Gerhard Zwerenz, who was already known for his 'free-thinking' articles. He wrote:

Whom does it surprise that sections of our youth are becoming dissatisfied, embittered and even cynical? We believed we were helping the party. Is this today to give rise to no bitterness? Everyone with self-respect must feel it, and it must be strongest of all in the case of the creative artist. How many of his underlying convictions has he not suppressed in recent years because he felt them to be politically harmful? Now he realises to what extent in doing this he has limited his productiveness, destroying his power, and done violence to the truth. And all this shall happen without bitterness? But it becomes utterly unbearable if the artist may not proclaim his feelings openly.

Another contributor to this discussion in *Forum* wrote that the example of Poland 'and the spirit of opposition have been for some time the only reserves on which the young intellectuals in the universities and elsewhere have been living'.

This remark characterises the temper in the universities. The authorities have been aware of it for a long time, and have repeatedly complained that students from the working class develop away from their proletarian background, in spite of the most careful selection and intensive ideological schooling. It is impossible for intelligent, enquiring young minds to come into contact with ideas without developing a critical attitude towards the realities of dictatorship. The Hungarian rising brought this ferment to a head. Student groups in Germany came forward with their demands, modelled on the similar demands of the Polish and Hungarian students. They asked for the right to establish an independent Union of Students, and called for the abolition of compulsory Russian and the basic course of marxist indoctrination. The Pankó government, with the examples of Warsaw and Budapest before it, saw the danger and at first behaved in a conciliatory manner. An alternative foreign language was permitted, and Russian became an optional subject though it still remained an examination requirement. It was further promised that the basic political studies should be more closely integrated with the students' speciality.

These concessions were plainly no more than a gesture, and an open letter to the students from Party Secretary Ulbricht threatened that all 'disturbers of the peace' would be rusticated. But sterner measures were needed, and on November 29 the Security Police arrested Wolfgang Harich, thirty-five-year-old lecturer in philosophy at Berlin University. The charges were as ridiculous as such charges usually are: that he had contact with members of the reactionary Petofi circle in Hungary and with secret agents of the Western Powers, and that his aims were to restore the capitalist system in the German Democratic Republic. Harich is well known for his writings on marxist philosophy and as the editor of the leading east German philosophical journal. It is conceivable that he was in correspondence with Lukashs, the famous Hungarian marxist literary critic, for their published work shows far-reaching identity of interests. But the real purpose behind this arrest was clearly that it should serve as a warning both to the students and to intellectual malcontents outside the universities.

Censored Periodicals

Apart from the more academic side of his work, Harich was associated in the eyes of the educated reading public with the monthly paper *Aufbau* and the weekly *Sonntag*. Whereas there had never been any trace of a suspicion that they wished to see capitalism restored, all regular readers of these periodicals must have been surprised at the frankness with which they frequently discussed current affairs and at the open criticism of official policy. Since Harich's disappearance the censor has come down heavily on these publications. The editor of *Sonntag* wore the familiar sackcloth and ashes of self-criticism in a leading article in which he wrote:

Questioning of this sort also found expression in literary work which attacked and discredited the party of the working class and the popular-democratic system. Such work even found its way into our pages. Shaken by the terrible events in Hungary, we realise today that as editors we failed to interpret these symptoms correctly. We did not come to terms with these erroneous anti-socialist attitudes and omitted to warn our Hungarian friends of the dangerous consequences they must have.

The revolt of the intellectuals appears to have been strangled at birth, and compared with the vigour of the opposition in Poland and Hungary it may well be dismissed as a storm in a teacup. We must remember, however, that in both Warsaw and Budapest the prime movers in the revolts were the students and intellectuals. Their greater effectiveness was due to the fact that they succeeded in harnessing the masses of the workers for their ideals. The German masses are undoubtedly more sluggish, and it may be a long time before the ferment begins to work among them. The intellectual ferment is, how-

ever, undeniably still there. Recently the party demanded a declaration of solidarity from the *Kulturbund*, the Academy of Arts, and the Society of Writers and Journalists. Only the last-named has so far conformed with this request. Its document was signed by all the leading literary figures, including those whose names opened these remarks. At first sight it appears to be the required obeisance before authority, but when one has learned to read the 'double-speak' of central Europe

it by no means gives the impression of being an unambiguous acceptance of Herr Ulbricht and all that he stands for. In any case, what has happened cannot be nullified. The young intellectuals have for the first time become aware of their importance. The regime has for the first time shown that it fears their influence. The east German authority and Russian tanks can retard any development on the Polish or Hungarian model: the development cannot be stopped.

—'Foreign Review' (Third Programme)

What the New Rent Bill Will Mean

By A. C. L. DAY

WHEN the Rent Bill becomes law, something like 6,500,000 tenants will have to pay more than the pre-war rents which the majority of them still pay. These tenants include most of those who rent privately owned houses and flats—except those which are let furnished.

Since the war, the main emphasis in housing policy has been on building new houses; and there are now far more houses in relation to the number of families than before the war. But in some areas houses have been deteriorating into slums more rapidly than new houses have been built; because of rent control, private landlords have found it difficult or impossible to maintain their houses in good repair. An Act passed in 1954 allowed landlords to charge modest increases in rents to meet expenditure on repairs. But there has been no attempt at all, until the present Bill, to deal with the other disadvantage arising from rent control—that it encourages wasteful use of housing space. For example, elderly people stay in rent-controlled houses, even though they are bigger than they need, because they are so cheap. At the same time, young people with families who badly need the space often find it difficult to find anywhere to live.

The new Bill is designed to deal with both of these problems. In doing this, it divides houses at present let by private owners into two groups: those still to be subject to rent control but at higher rents than at present; and those which will be removed from control altogether. The houses and flats which will remain controlled are those whose rateable value is less than £30 (or £40 in London and Scotland)—although the Bill proposes that the Minister will have power to reduce these limits, with parliamentary approval. Property whose rateable value is below the limits will remain controlled for as long as it is occupied by the present tenant and his family—but after the present tenancy ends the property is to be completely freed from control, whatever its rateable value. But rents for the houses and flats which are to remain controlled will be allowed to rise to a level about double that which would have been paid on a free market in 1939. In general, this means that tenants of these houses will have to pay about twice as much as at present, although anyone who has already paid increases under the 1954 Act will have to pay correspondingly smaller increases now. But in any case landlords will have to give three months' notice before the rent can be increased, and for six months after that no increase can exceed 7s. 6d. per week. Moreover, the rents of houses declared to be slum property cannot be increased.

Two Safeguards

Tenants of all property which remains subject to rent control will have two safeguards. In the first place, they will continue to enjoy the same security of tenure as at present—they cannot be turned out, so long as they pay their rent. Secondly, the increased rents are not payable if the landlord fails to keep the property in repair.

There is widespread dislike of the proposed increases in controlled rents. But the most effective opposition to the Bill is coming from those who object to the complete decontrol of the more expensive property, subject only to the temporary safeguard of six months' security of tenure at the existing rent. The opposition to these parts of the Bill is of two main kinds. Some people simply want to make arrangements for a smoother transition to a free market in this more expensive kind of housing. In this transition, a good deal of reshuffling may be needed before everyone is settled in the house or flat which most suits him, and this reshuffling takes time. Then there is the

difficulty that there may be a period during which people will be uncertain about the level at which rents will settle down. Rents of property at present controlled will certainly rise substantially, and almost certainly rents now uncontrolled will fall. But nobody can know exactly where things will settle down until something like a free market has been working for a little time.

The second kind of opposition to decontrol is much more fundamental. While accepting that there should be some increases in rents, those holding this view do not want any rents which are now controlled to be freed completely.

It seems likely that there will be changes in the clause providing for decontrol of this higher-valued property, as the Bill goes through the committee stage. It remains to be seen whether the Minister will accept modifications which would indefinitely delay the re-establishment of a free market in this kind of housing*. My guess is that he will stick to his guns. If he does, many people who have been lucky in the past will have to pay more as a consequence of the Bill, with the result that in a year or two's time, most of the housing shortage will have disappeared. That will mean that many tenants who are at present having to pay exorbitant rents will be able to find places to live at more reasonable rentals. We shall also find that the nation's stock of houses will be more efficiently used and kept in a better state of repair.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

In three weeks' time the Gold Coast will become Ghana, and Ghana will become independent within the Commonwealth. Speaking in 'From Our Own Correspondent', LIONEL FLEMING said: 'The White Paper gives at least part of the answer to those who have been wondering whether this independence should be regarded with hope or with fear. Perhaps it is odd to reflect that those dry, legalistic phrases should do so, for at first sight they might seem to have little to do with the very human feelings, indeed passions, of the Gold Coast.'

'Yet this rather involved document does reflect them, and it puts them into a framework that is not at all discouraging. This is not the first proposal that has been made for a constitution of Ghana: the original one was put up by the Gold Coast Government last April. On every point at which this one differs from it, it is in the sense of giving greater concessions to those who have been opposing the Government's plans. The main trouble has been that the regional leaders, especially in Ashanti and the northern territories, feared that their own way of life would be endangered by the Government in Accra, once the British had left. That accounts for many things that have been happening during the last year or so. In the course of this year, indeed, things seemed to be getting worse rather than better. Kumasi, for example, decided to boycott the independence celebrations that are being held next month. The opposition leaders, who had been demanding a federal system, stepped up their bid and began to talk about complete separation from Accra. There were even some ugly hints of an armed rising.'

'It would be fair to say that the Colonial Secretary himself has done much to change this picture: at any rate, the White Paper follows closely on his visit to the Gold Coast. And the White Paper, when you study it, does seem to go a long way to meet any reasonable fears. The opposition have not got all they asked for—no federal system, for example, and no second House in the Central Parliament. But they have fairly wide powers of government in the regions, and the country is assured of independent judges and an independent Civil Service'.

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Royal Visit to Portugal

NEXT week Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh will be paying a State visit to Portugal. This is the first official visit to be made by a British sovereign since Portugal became a republic in 1910. They will be returning a visit paid to Britain by the President of Portugal, General Craveiro Lopes, in 1955. General Lopes is the Head of the State, the successor of Marshal Carmona who died in 1951. Marshal Carmona was the founder of modern Portugal, for he carried through a military *coup d'état* in 1926 and in 1928 appointed Dr. Salazar as Minister of Finance and later as the President of the Council of Ministers. Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar has now been the effective ruler of Portugal for nearly thirty years—a striking record. The writers of a recent book on Portugal describe Dr. Salazar as a 'devout Catholic' who 'became dictator of Portugal': 'a lonely, austere, reserved man' who 'seldom appears in public' and 'is contemptuous of the trappings of power . . . incorruptible, patient, and fearless'. Born near Coimbra, he made his reputation as a Professor of Economics at that famous university. He is said to have saved Portugal by doing sums. Certainly today Portugal is financially prosperous. Benefiting from its neutrality during the war, the Government has found money to build roads, establish important hydro-electric projects, construct housing estates, reduce illiteracy: these are the chief claims of achievement by the Salazar regime.

The constitution of Portugal, which is called a unitary and corporative republic, provides for the regular meeting of a National Assembly. But the Assembly cannot initiate legislation or overthrow the Government. As to the corporations, they do not yet exist. Dr. Salazar is nominally President of the Council of Ministers, but, as a recent number of *Portugal*, an informative review published in Lisbon, points out, '*de facto* it may be assumed that the vote of the President of the Council generally prevails at meetings'. Many people wonder what will happen when Dr. Salazar dies.

Portugal is a land of contrasts. There is, for example, a striking contrast between rich and poor, comparable perhaps to the contrast that prevailed in English society before the Industrial Revolution. Skilled workmen are modestly paid and in northern Portugal the peasants are poorly clad and live largely on soup and an occasional treat of dried cod. While Coimbra is one of the most distinguished universities in southern Europe, about half of the population of the country is yet illiterate. Although the Portuguese are keen nationalists, a nationalism sharpened over the centuries by rivalries with the Spanish Empire, from which they finally split off over three centuries ago, there is still the strange enclave of the British colony at Oporto which dominates the Portuguese wine industry. The Queen is to visit Oporto on her way home where she will see this brilliant survival from the eighteenth century. Another contrast is between the financial soundness of the national economy and the relative poverty of the country's natural resources. But Portugal seems to be responding to the challenge of nature, and, with her kindly and temperate people, is a land to admire.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on eastern Europe

BROADCASTS FROM the Soviet sphere last week were notable for their many calls for vigilance against spies and 'counter-revolutionaries', and for their very defensive statements justifying Soviet intervention in Hungary, decrying 'national communism', and claiming the superiority of communist regimes over western democracy.

From the U.S.A., the *Baltimore Sun* was quoted for an article on the Kremlin's anxieties in face of the ferment in several satellite countries and of the increasing pressure to acknowledge the national character of the Hungarian revolution. It went on:

Moscow has many dilemmas. For us in the West to make too much of them, or to suppose that the disintegration of the Soviet Empire will be swift and unmarked by dangerous incidents, would be to invite trouble for ourselves. At the same time, a recognition that disintegration has set in is necessary to a cool-headed appraisal of what is going on in the world.

On February 10, six weeks after five British Labour M.P.s addressed a letter to the editor of *Pravda* about Soviet intervention in Hungary, *Pravda* published the letter, together with a long comment, which was transmitted by Tass. It began:

The counter-revolutionary nature of the rebellion in Hungary was revealed in speeches by Kadar and other members of the Hungarian Government.

It alleged that Mr. Kadar enjoyed the support of the masses in Hungary, whereas the Nagy Government, having proved 'incapable of repulsing the counter-revolutionary bands' and having 'lost its authority in the country', had disintegrated of its own accord. *Pravda* then dealt with the M.P.s' question about the Warsaw Pact and Hungary's right to neutrality:

You remind us that the Soviet Union has repeatedly proclaimed the right of all countries to remain outside military blocs. . . . [But] if the Hungarian Government had not been able to exercise its right under the Warsaw Treaty and ask the U.S.S.R. for assistance in defeating the counter-revolution inspired from outside, a fascist regime would have come into being in the centre of Europe, and a hotbed of a third world war would have been created. None of the People's Democracies can expect to safeguard its security through a mere proclamation of neutrality so long as there exist the aggressive Nato bloc and the theory and practice of repulsing communism, and so long as the imperialists are pursuing a policy of interfering in the domestic affairs of the People's Democracies. The People's Democracies do not have to choose whether they are to join the Warsaw Pact or remain neutral: they have made their choice with complete resolution, and experience has proved them right. As to the so-called denunciation of the Warsaw Pact by Nagy . . . we must say that that move by a political leader who has lost his bearings and acted against the will of the Hungarian people has nothing in common with International Labour. . . . Nagy's unexpected move created a grave situation which placed world peace in danger.

Pravda then went on to claim that the coup in Hungary, long prepared by 'imperialist forces', had revealed the extensive machinery of subversion against the 'socialist' nations. Nor could there be any equation between the Anglo-French 'aggression against Egypt', designed to rob Egypt of her independence and restore colonial rule, with the Soviet Army's assistance to the Hungarian people', whose effect was to 'preserve Hungary as a sovereign and independent nation'.

On February 5 Moscow radio quoted an article in *Izvestia* on the current meeting of the Supreme Soviet, saying:

The imperialists strive to discredit the ideas of socialism in the eyes of the people, spreading damaging slander about the state of socialist countries. They boastfully extol bourgeois democracy, whose pattern is the U.S. What hypocrisy! . . . The Soviet people are confidently advancing towards the great aim of communism, hand-in-hand with the countries of the socialist camp.

In an election speech in Rumania (where the results yielded the customary 98-99 per cent. in favour of the regime, there being no choice of candidates), the party leader Mr. Gheorghiu-Dej spoke of the warm desire of the working masses of the West to liberate themselves from the oppression of the Trusts, and from all parasites and drones on their necks.

He claimed that the British parliament was filled with 'representatives of big capital and trusts' and that '2 per cent. of the owners have acquired 64 per cent. of the country's wealth'; while in the U.S.A. there was 'a wave of police terror' and 'a vast mass of exploited poor'. In contrast, the Rumanian people would be voting for true democracy.

Did You Hear That?

A CHALLENGING ACTOR

'HUMPHREY BOGART was an exceptional character in a sphere where characters are not usually exceptional', said PETER USTINOV in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'The well-brought-up—perhaps the word is indoctrinated—Hollywoodian is effusively good-mannered. Social graces are practised on an almost industrial scale, and make for agreeable if not for particularly inspired living. Bogie was not one for agreeable living. He seemed to me almost comically ill at ease indoors, as though a roof and walls were evils as necessary as people. Conversation irked him, and he was visibly long-suffering about having to open his mouth at all. This resentment against sentences—and even against words—took the form of sudden bursts of elaborate playfulness. To a visitor hot from the cold shores of England, he would put on an exaggerated Oxford accent and discuss the future of the "British Empah" as though he wrong-headedly cared for nothing else in the wide world. His aim was to shake the newcomer out of his assumed complacency by insults which were as shrewdly observed as they were malicious.

'The way into his heart was an immediate counter-attack in a broad American accent, during which one assumed a complicity between him and his *bête-noir*, Senator McCarthy, in some dark scheme. The social criticism implied by both his verbal satires on the sweetly unreasonable vanity of the English and by my counter-thrust against the massive and indeed almost lethal goodwill of the Americans was pretty sharp; and it was in the character of the man that he only smiled with real pleasure when he had been amply repaid in kind.

'As an actor, Bogart had an enormous presence, and he carried the light of battle in his eye. I got the impression that he did not much enjoy acting with anyone who felt overawed by him, nor did he relish being confronted by an actor with a sober, conventional talent. He wished to be matched, to be challenged, to be teased. Of course, I acted with him only in comedy, but I could see a jocular and quarrelsome eye staring out of the character he was playing into the character I was playing—rather as an experienced bullfighter might stare a hot-headed bull into precipitate action.

'Bogie was highly professional. He was also highly instinctive. His professionalism consisted in his riding his instinct as surely as a champion at the rodeo might ride a bucking bronco. He knew his job inside out, and yet it was impossible not to feel that his real soul was elsewhere, a mysterious searching instrument knocking at doors unknown even to himself. He could have made his mark in many different spheres. His great basic quality was a splendid roughness. Even when perfectly groomed for some formal occasion, I felt that I could have lit a match on his jaw. His face in repose was infinitely melancholy, and his eyes had all the moist nobility of the Great Dane's when its nose is idly toying with the secret subtleties carried on the wind. It always seemed as though Nature was his element, and as though his wisdom stemmed not from learning but from instinct and heredity'.

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY SCHOOLBOY

'A fifteenth-century schoolmaster', related MAIDA STANIER in 'Midlands Miscellany', 'was trying to make Latin interesting to boys, especially to the boys of Magdalen College School, Oxford, where he worked. So he wrote a book which he called a "Vulgaria", full of sentences about

vulgar people, meaning ordinary people doing vulgar things. These sentences were to be put into vulgar, or everyday, Latin; which only means that 500 years too soon he was doing what the educationalists of today call "relating lessons to life". He knew that it was more fun to put into Latin "The master has toothache. Would to God he might have it a fortnight more" than any dry-as-dust stuff about Caesar. So he wrote to make the boys laugh and to whet their interest. He thought he was writing a grammar book, and so he was, but what emerges for us in the twentieth century is a picture of a schoolboy of the fifteenth century, so lively and real that I could swear I saw him kicking a ball in the playground only today.

'When the book starts the schoolboy is about eleven. He is at boarding school for the first time and sick for the comforts of home, for breakfasts in bed, which he remembers "were sumtyme brought at my biddynge and now driven oute of contrey and never shall cum agayne". So far from having breakfast in bed, he cannot sleep for the cold wind that whistles through the dormitory windows. His fingers are too stiff to hold a pen and his heels are covered with chilblains. He is smelly and dirty, and his long woollen gown chafes him. But it is no use being homesick. Home is years away. The roads are too dangerous for him to travel alone, so he must stay where he is till he is fetched, maybe in five years' time. With luck his parents may visit him when they come for St. Giles' Fair and then, ah then, he thinks joyfully "I put no doubt that I shall lake nothyng that I have nede off". And what he needs is what any schoolboy needs, tuck.

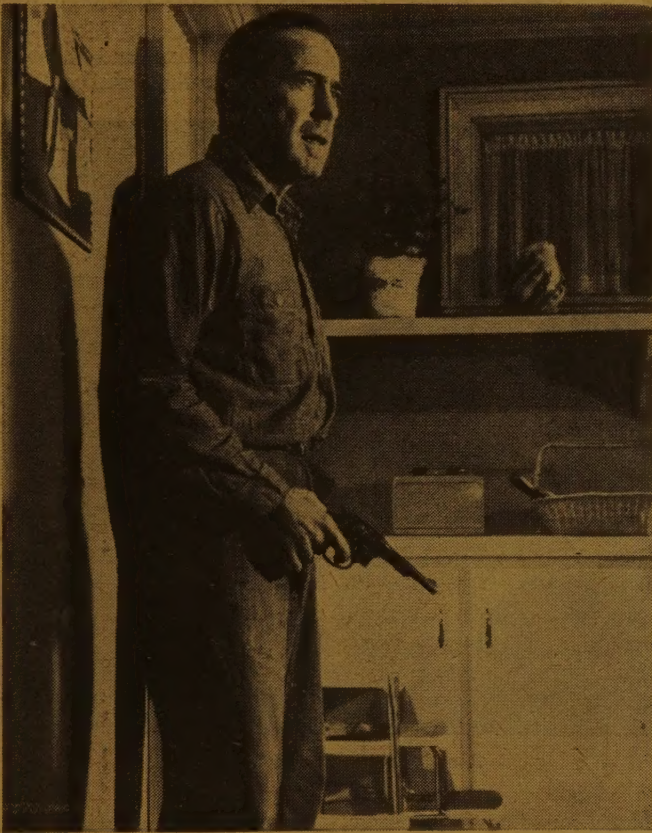
'Food is enormously important: "Thou wyll not believe how wery I am of fysshe", he grumbles; and again: "I have no delyte in beffe and motyn and such daily metes. I wolde onys have a partige set before us". Needless to say, boarding school menus neither then nor now run to partridges, but venison is served on feast days. He drinks beer or wine and sometimes he gets drunk. "Thomas", says the master. "Thou hast dronke enough when nother thi tongue nother thy fete wyll serve thee".

But Thomas is not unduly cast down. In fact Thomas enjoys what seems to us an extraordinary amount of freedom. He wanders into "pubs" and keeps very odd company. He refers casually to "an honest wyff of this towne that desired me to drynke with her yesterday. I fere", he adds rather smugly, "lest she take it for an unkindness that I wolde not".

'It is clear that the relationship between master and boy was a stimulating one. They must have enjoyed putting into Latin jokes at each other's expense. An inexperienced master is legitimate prey. The moment he comes into the room the boys take the chance to ask for drinks, to be excused, even to melt off altogether on urgent unspecified business. The master, on the other hand, soon learns the rules in this ceaseless war that his profession has committed him to. "It is a noble sport for me", he says, "to see how subtyl every man is in defending himself". He spots the bogus-repentant, "I'll-never-do-it-again" note: "Forgyve me this fawte, other for myne sake or for my mother's love, for I am of this condicioun that the more I am forgevyn the less I fawte".

'And, of course, the master has the trump card. He holds the rod. There is a woodcut of the time which shows the boys clustered apprehensively round the master. He is reading from a book, perhaps this book? and grips his birch purposefully.

'When the times comes to leave, Thomas is sad, partly because he



Humphrey Bogart as Glenn Griffin in the film 'The Desperate Hours', seen in this country last year

is still at the bottom of the form and "the litel children that were sett to schole with me be gone afore me fare", and partly because he has grown fond of the place and the people with whom he shared his growing up. Lying in bed for the last time, watching the moon drift behind the still unfinished college tower, he knows he has been lucky to have been to school in so pleasant a place. "Upon a faire, clere night, the skye garnyshede with sterres oute of numbres shynnyth goodely, whych and ye take hede ye may see them twinkle as it were a candle or a tapre brennyng, and amonge them the moone with hir full light, glidyng softly, be these not pleasant things?" asks Thomas. After 500 years the answer remains the same.

THE MOUSE-EARED BAT

A new animal has just been found in Britain—the mouse-eared bat. This species is common enough on the Continent, and now it suddenly seems to be trying to establish itself in England. At any rate, a small colony of these bats has been discovered by a naturalist, MICHAEL BLACKMORE. In 'The Eye-witness' he gave a description of the recent expeditions on which he found them, down almost inaccessible tunnels leading from an old quarry in the south of England.

'To get into these tunnels', he said, 'we had to climb down some rather steep shafts, and it was not easy going. Water poured down our necks from every crack in the rock; brambles tore our hands and clothes, and loose stones rattled down in front of us. A false step could mean an uncomfortable slide of forty or fifty feet. When we got to the bottom of the shaft, we crawled through the narrow entrance into the quarry itself. This is where the bats sleep in winter, hanging down from the roof in dark clusters, like bunches of withered figs. Theirs is a world of darkness and silence broken only by the drip of water and, when we were down there, by the echoing of our footsteps along the winding galleries. Every now and then we could feel the touch of a bat's wing against our cheeks. Not a sound as they flew by, just that gentle fanning; not a sight of anything either, except when we turned the torches on as the bats fluttered by.'

'The first of these mouse-eared bats we saw was a male. My friend, Sdeuad Bisserrôt, spotted it hanging from the roof rather like the furry chrysalis of an enormous butterfly with brown back, whitish stomach, ears pointing downwards, wings folded. Then my wife found another, and I saw a third. We saw various types of bats hanging from the roof and the walls, and then we came upon two more of the mouse-eared variety—a male and a female.'

'We set up our camera. Just as we were about to photograph them they both started to extend their great wings. I did not want them to get away, so I grabbed them both, one in each hand with the idea of photographing them under controlled conditions. Now, these little creatures are five inches long; they have sizeable mouths and thirty-eight teeth—the canines as sharp as needles. I paid for my rashness in grabbing them. I got badly bitten. But we did manage to take these two particular bats home where we kept them in a room and photographed them by high-speed flash at 1/3000th part of a second. The male became tame, but the female did not like being handled and every now and again she showed a nasty temper. So ultimately we took them both back to the quarry and let them go.'

'During the hours we spent in the quarry we also found a hibernating female. She was hanging from a wall, her furry body absolutely glistening with beads of moisture—looking like jewels in the torchlight—because the air is so saturated. We photographed her and clambered further along the galleries.'

'The mouse-eared bat has a wing span of about fifteen inches, and it moves with a rather slow, deliberate, heavy flight about fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. Like most others bats, it sends out a constant stream of high-pitched squeaks far above the range of the human ear. Its ears pick up these echoes as they rebound from objects around them. When the bat is asleep its ears hang down, and its pig-like face and large eyes are almost covered by its folded wings'.

DRUIDS AND ALL THAT

'If you climb out of Keswick by the old turnpike road, now superseded', said GRAHAM SUTTON in a North of England Home Service talk, 'you will find what the picture-postcards call a druid circle: the druid circle to us locals. We are rather proud of it; it is the best-situated in all Cumberland. It is not so big, nor perhaps so beloved of antiquarians, as the circle in Eden valley called Long Meg and Her Daughters. And it has only fifty stones—if there are fifty; there is a legend in Keswick that nobody ever adds them up alike. Long Meg has sixty-seven. But Meg is outside the Lake District: and the two other famous circles are not quite in it either, on the west coast at Seascale and Black Combe.'

'Our circle stands on a tongue of the inner fells—those who built circles liked high ground—in the triangle of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Helvellyn; and at this time of year, or indeed any time of year, the view of those three and of Thirlmere valley is a view that catches the heart.'

'I would like to tell you of our circle, or standing-stones—that is the older name, and more accurate. All of our standing-stones (except perhaps those at Seascale) are Neolithic. Even when they have been dug, they provide no proof that they were put up as cemeteries—no human relics: nor as places of sacrifice or habitation—no fires: nor as "doom-rings"; nor as cattle-pens—they would be uneconomic. Very likely they



A male mouse-eared bat in flight

S. C. Bisserrôt

were designed as tribal meeting places, or as observatories to correct the calendar. Up in Cumberland the Stone Age lingered later than elsewhere in England; so the date could be anything from 1,400 to 2,000 B.C.

'So we think; we are not sure. But the early writers were sure. They were inheritors of an age that plumed itself on having everything cut and dried, the Age of Reason. They came as tourists in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, after Prince Charlie's raid had scared the government into road-building. They said, all standing-stones were "druidical temples": simple as that. Whether ours were "druidical" before the tourists came—and if so, how long before—I cannot tell you; there is a shortage of earlier guidebooks: not needed then. But the new visitors were art-conscious. In literature they belong to the school of the Romantic Revival, in guidebook-writing to the school of the picturesque; and I wouldn't mind betting if there had never been such a person as a druid at all, they would have invented him. In fact they did invent some druid circles, all their own work. A Mr. Pocklington of Keswick built one on Derwent Island—that is the island next to the landing stages, it was called Pocklington's then, and he crammed it with picturesque objects enough to sink it: a sham church, a fort, a gothic boathouse, a battery—this was to fire guns and make echoes for the tourists' benefit or perhaps for Mr. Pocklington's benefit—and, of course, this circle, a half-size model of the Keswick circle on Castlerigg.'

'A later Picturesque disciple built himself one in the west fells; and it is there yet on a moor outside Ennerdale, nicely weathered by now, looking as good as the authentic ones if you do not happen to know'.

America and the British Left

By DAVID BUTLER

DURING the past ten years the Anglo-American alliance has been so fully accepted as one of the fundamental facts of international life that the rift last November came to many people as a profound shock, as a sudden dislocation of the natural order of things. The rift has mercifully been patched over and may in time be fully repaired, but the fact that it was even possible has provoked some re-examination of our basic assumptions about Anglo-American relations. And so the appearance of Mr. Henry Pelling's book, *America and the British Left** is timely. In a series of well-judged essays Mr. Pelling traces the influence of the United States on the thinking of British radicals and socialists over the last 100 years. But the moral of his work is by no means confined to the left or even to politics; anyone who seeks to understand the United States, or to translate its experience into British terms, may profit by seeing how, to one group in Britain, it has been alternately the hero and the whipping-boy—and yet has never been really understood.

It was natural that the United States, born in revolt against the established order in Britain, should have had a special appeal for those nineteenth-century radicals who were seeking to transform that order. America was constantly cited by the left in discussions on democracy and the extension of the franchise as the noble ideal (and by the right as the awful warning).

The Rejection of Socialism

Those who wanted change extolled the higher status of the American working man and the absence of hereditary castes; those who opposed change expatiated on the disorder and corruption which prevailed on the far side of the Atlantic. But towards the end of the century there was an abrupt reversal. As the focus of the political struggle switched from constitutional to economic issues America became the symbol not of democracy but of capitalism. The English radical who had praised the openness of society in the United States began to be alarmed at the aggregation of power in the hands of their trusts and the ruthlessness of their strike-breaking methods (on the other hand the advocates of private enterprise and industrial efficiency began to look to America more and more as the home of progress). In the first decades of this century the British left felt increasingly isolated from the United States; in sharp contrast to the trend here, American trade unionists, under the leadership of Samuel Gompers, rejected socialism or direct association with a political party.

In the nineteen-thirties the vigorous anti-depression measures of the New Deal were contrasted by some British socialists with the inaction of their own Government—but on the whole America continued, in the eyes of the left, to be the symbol of reactionary capitalism. In the years after the Labour Party came to power in 1945, it was a shock to many of its supporters to find their Government more and more fully committed to a far-reaching alliance with the U.S.A. Those who were most unhappy about the alliance found some comfort in Mr. Bevan's resignation in 1951 and in his eloquent crystallisation of their misgivings. But although the left might deplore some aspects of American foreign policy, its protests about the dangers of American capitalism were weakened by the continued stability of American prices and employment and by the fact that the American working man was obviously not the victim of ever-increasing exploitation. Moreover, as the Labour Party, in the process of its 'rethinking', has turned to some extent from economic to social questions, the old appeal of America as a land of democracy and equal opportunity, particularly in the field of education, has grown stronger.

These fluctuations in the left's approach to the United States, so clearly traced by Mr. Pelling, could, of course, be matched on the right, and in other fields than politics. It is perhaps one of the most significant things about the British attitude to America that it cuts across so many other divisions. Pro- and anti-Americanism are very diversely distributed and those who are anti- at one time or in one context are often pro- at another. Why should this be? Because the U.S.A. is a phenomenon too large to be ignored: American technology, American

culture, American military strength—all these have too direct an impact on our way of life. Every Englishman must frequently, and interchangeably, experience emotions of admiration, envy, or distaste for aspects of America encountered in his daily existence or read about in his newspaper. That is why, when one wants to praise or criticise something here at home, it seems so natural to look across the Atlantic for examples with which to buttress one's argument.

United States as a Symbol

The passion to use the United States as a symbol, whether for good or ill, has perhaps been particularly prevalent on the left. This is tellingly referred to by Mr. Crosland in his recent book *The Future of Socialism*†. He writes:

Anti-Americanism in particular is an almost universal left-wing neurosis, springing from a natural resentment at the transfer of world power from London to Washington, combined with the need to find some new and powerful scapegoat to replace the capitalists at home.

Anti-Americanism [and other attitudes] . . . are simply rationalisations of some deeper discontent.

But the left has not been alone in thinking that what happens in America is directly relevant to British debates on every subject from education to equality and from politics to productivity; it is implicitly assumed that a basic similarity exists between the two countries. Few people, on the left or elsewhere, seem to appreciate how difficult it is for the lessons of American experience to be translated into terms applicable in Britain. It is easy to exaggerate the amount that we have in common with the Americans. Because Britain has contributed far more to the heritage and character of the United States than any foreign nation, and because the American people obviously share with us much more than our language, the illusion often persists that the U.S.A. is just an Anglo-Saxon colony that decided to develop outside the Empire. It is too easily forgotten that more than half the people of the United States today trace their origins not to these islands but to Germany, Scandinavia, eastern Europe, Africa, and elsewhere. In so far as American culture and institutions are imported and not home grown, Britain can claim to be the main contributor—but far from the only one. We cannot, therefore, assert too special or exclusive a family relationship with the United States or expect that American achievements or failures will necessarily have any moral for us.

I have had the luck to visit the United States a good deal during the last ten years. I have always enjoyed it and felt at my ease. But I have always been struck by the fundamental contrasts between my British and my American friends in their traditions, their attitudes, their instinctive reactions. If an Englishman goes to America and, deceived by the possession of a common language, expects things to go on in a British way, he will find himself utterly bewildered; but if he goes to America with an open mind, as if to an utterly foreign country, he will fare much better (and he may quite often be surprised by the similarities of the British and American approaches).

Social Class and Education

The three areas where I have been most frequently made aware of basic differences in British and American ways of thought are, as it happens, areas which have assumed a particular prominence in current left-wing debates. I refer to ideas about social class, about education, and about innovation in general. The transatlantic contrasts in these fields may have diminished in recent years but there is still a surprising amount of validity in these old *clichés*: that social class is regarded in England almost as a matter of fate, in America almost as a matter of choice; that schooling is intended in Britain as training for the individual mind, in America as training for membership of the community; that innovation of any sort is, until proved otherwise, regarded in Britain as suspect, in America as praiseworthy. These, like so many generalisations, may be greatly exaggerated. But British socialists dreaming of a classless society, an egalitarian educational system, an order that welcomes change are bound to find much attraction in American

* Black, 18s.

† Jonathan Cape, 42s.

ideals in these questions (however much they may see faults in the way Americans apply them). Few, however, understand the American attitude or recognise how fundamental are the contrasts between the ways of life of the mass of people in the two countries. Just how far-reaching those contrasts are has been brought home to me with extraordinary sharpness by my experience in acting as guide both to Americans in their first few days here and to Englishmen in their first few days in New York or Washington.

It is because the contrasts are so great that most of the awful warnings, or shining examples, which the left professed to find in the doings of Americans, have had only limited bearing on the British problems to which they were applied. But the difficulty has been more than one of irrelevance—it has also been one of ignorance. On reading Mr. Pelling's book, one cannot help being struck by the limited extent to which the ideas of the British left about America had any solid basis in fact. Only a few of their spokesmen went to the United States and still fewer spent long enough to be in any position to make detailed observation of the intricacy and diversity of the American way of life. Sensational newspaper reporting and overdrawn travellers' tales have always made a disproportionate contribution to the British picture of the United States, and to this day it is extraordinarily confused and over-simplified. Consider the role of the United States in current left-wing argument. It signifies monopoly capitalism, imperialism (at least in the Far East), the denial of civil liberties to left-wingers and negroes, and a materialist approach to life. But it also symbolises prosperity, anti-colonialism, educational equality, and international idealism. The U.S.A. can be cited as the home of automation—or of the comprehensive school; as the scene of race riots—or of £30-a-week wage packets. It has a Secretary of State who goes to the brink of war—but who agrees with the Labour Party in condemning the Suez venture. Such a country is difficult to fit into a simple scheme of things as 'good' or 'bad', 'enlightened' or 'reactionary'.

Facing the Brutal Facts

It is in the field of international affairs that the attempt to categorise the United States has led to most trouble. In the late nineteen-forties many in this country were uneasy at the maintenance and extension of the war-time alliance with America—and by a Labour Government. Acceptance of this alliance set up grave strains within the left, which found vent in Mr. Bevan's resignation and the prolonged foreign policy debate which Bevanites and anti-Bevanites subsequently waged. How far is Mr. Crosland right when he attributes the anti-Americanism of the more extreme left to 'resentment at the transfer of power from London to Washington'? For myself I think that that resentment was bipartisan, national in scope, and that, if anything, the left was more immune from it than the right. Certainly the country as a whole has been very slow in facing up to the brutal facts about the relative power of Britain and the United States.

At the end of the nineteenth century Britain was, in wealth and political influence, the predominant power in the world. And because in the next generation or two America did not choose to deploy her strength in international affairs, while Germany deployed hers in so self-destructive a fashion, our political primacy lasted far longer than our economic strength warranted. It was in the eighteen-nineties that American steel production first exceeded British. But it was only in the nineteen-forties that the people of this country began to realise what that fact implied—and by then American steel production was six times as much as ours.

As this century has advanced, the basis of our claim to world primacy has had to move more and more from the material to the moral plane. During the second world war the limits of our economic resources became painfully clear, although the grandeur of our solitary struggle enabled us to feel second to none. But, with the ending of lend-lease, we could no longer be blind to our economic weakness. Moreover, as the cold war developed, it became apparent that the fate of the world depended upon the two colossi, the United States and the Soviet Union, with Britain, despite her reputation, her wealth, and her position at the centre of the Commonwealth and Empire, being no more than the most important of the secondary powers. We have to remember this unpleasant truth when we ask the United States to treat us as equals. Our relation to her should in some ways be compared to the relation of some of our European allies to us. The fate of our Continental friends is intimately bound up with our own. But when it comes to hard questions of negotiation or decision making, we often present them with *faits accomplis*; we do not treat them as equals, simply

because they are not, in population, wealth, or influence on the same level as us. And they have accepted this situation with a surprising lack of resentment. We have to learn to accept equally uncomplainingly the fact that the importance to us of what the United States does will always be much greater than the importance to the United States of what we do.

Inheritors of the 'Little Englander' Tradition

In theory the left should be more ready to accept this situation than the right—for the left inherits some of the 'little Englander' tradition. Recent events have illustrated how far this has been the case. The violent anti-American outburst of the last two months came mainly from the right, and it cannot be attributed solely to the policies of Mr. Dulles. It was also in part a reaction to being forced by events to recognise our comparative impotence. But while the left may be able to digest the relative growth in American power more readily than the right, are they more capable of making a success of the alliance (for even in an unequal partnership the lesser partner can still be enormously influential)? Or are their anti-capitalist and insular emotions just as likely to stand in the way of full and easy transatlantic association as the go-it-alone instincts of the traditional imperialist?

I have no answer to these questions. Nor indeed are they questions which can be answered in isolation. I have been concerned here with British attitudes to the United States, but the alliance cannot be a one-way affair. What about American attitudes to us? Are their suspicions, just or unjust, of the socialism of the left or of the colonialism of the right more likely to be a bar to transatlantic co-operation? Or are their reactions to our policies unaffected by the complexion of our government? Whatever the answer, this at least is plain: necessity will always force any British government, whether of the right or the left, to try to maintain a healthy alliance with the United States. But their success will always be hampered by anti-American resentments among their followers, left and right alike. Total war could not produce total alliance: in time of peace, even cold peace, the conflicts of interest and the jealousies of even the most friendly and interdependent of nations are bound to manifest themselves. If we find difficulty in adjusting our approach so as to make the best of the Anglo-American alliance it is partly because we have such strong yet ambivalent attitudes about the United States and because we have developed the unfortunate habit of quoting America so often and so inaccurately in our domestic arguments. Mr. Pelling has shown how much the left has been guilty of this. But the fault is by no means peculiar to the left. And the remedy? The remedy can lie only in learning more about the United States—and about ourselves.—*Third Programme*

The Sick Mind

I do not know the shape of the sun,
Or how worlds grow safer through misery;
And why each night keeps longer than the one
Darkness measuring me.
Why blindness storms the fingers and my heart;
Why old sweet ways are gentle; the gentle part
Of gentleness. I do not know the few;
The few rememberings that make me forget.
I only know the familiar in the new,
And the things I have met
Meet me; but here is beyond there and I want it so,
Even though there is nowhere, nowhere to go.

GLORIA EVANS DAVIES

My Heart Goes Out

My heart goes out to my Creator in love,
Who gave me Death as end and remedy.
All living creatures come to quiet Death
For him to eat up their activity
And give them nothing, which is what they want although
When they are living they do not think so.

STEVIE SMITH

The Passion for Faces

DAVID PIPER on the centenary of the National Portrait Gallery

EARLY in the third century A.D. a famous Chinese poet, Ts'ao Chih, was writing about portraits and about the function of portraits. He said: 'When one sees pictures of the three kings and the five emperors, one cannot but look at them with respect and veneration. When one sees pictures of rebels and unfilial sons, one cannot but grind the teeth. When one sees pictures representing men of high principles and wonderful sages, one cannot but forget one's meals. . . . When one sees pictures of obedient empresses and good secondary wives, one cannot but feel the deepest admiration. By this we may realise that paintings serve as moral examples or mirrors of conduct'.

The poet was expressing a sentiment that is fairly widespread in time and place: a veneration for the images of great men. It may find its expression in a largely superstitious, or snobbish, sort of ancestor-worship, or it may find it in the often grave and subtle piety of the Romans. But I think it is true that since Rome this sentiment has nowhere flourished with more perseverance, more consistency, than in Britain. The earliest big private collections of pictures of which we know anything here were made up almost entirely of portraits, like those of the Earl of Leicester and of Lord Lumley in Elizabethan days. It is only in this country that this sentiment has reached the necessary intensity to crystallise in a distinct national institution, an enduring museum devoted solely to the images of the great men of the nation's past.

One of the last things in the world you should do is to go to the National Portrait Gallery as if it were an art gallery; if you do you will be bewildered and disappointed. It is proud to own many portraits that are also noble works of art, but art is not really its business. Its concern is not 'who painted this?' but 'whom does it represent? who is it?': and unfortunately the geniuses of this world are too often irresponsible to posterity in their choice of the artist who paints them. Dr. Johnson sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds but Shelley entrusted his face only to a sadly amateur painter called Amelia Curran.



Nell Gwyn (1650-1687), from the studio of Sir Peter Lely: the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery which has replaced one now thought to be of the Countess of Dorchester



Samuel Pepys (1632-1703) in 1666, by J. Hayls

So inevitably the artistic quality varies like a temperature chart from portrait to portrait, and the sensible thing perhaps is to regard the Gallery rather as a national reference library of faces than as a collection of works of art.

But the idea of a library of faces would have shocked the Victorians for whose pleasure this Gallery was founded. They were not as nice as we are now as to what is art and what is not, though I dare say they got the same amount of pleasure out of it as we do: but more than pleasure, for the mood which the Gallery answered in its early days was a moral and a sentimental one. If the Chinese poet could have been in the House of Lords in 1856 to hear Lord Palmerston welcoming the idea of the new Gallery, he would have heard almost his own words echoed. For Palmerston thought that there could be no 'greater incentive to mental exertion, to noble actions, to good conduct on the part of the living' than that induced by the contemplation of portraits of admirable and exemplary people. The Gallery would be a national shrine for hero-worship; having read Carlyle on Cromwell, you could contemplate Cromwell himself, and, in due course, Carlyle himself. Or, having read that tremendous best-seller of 1859, Samuel Smiles' *Self-Help*, you could see the likenesses of those who had made good and, encouraged, go

forth and do likewise.

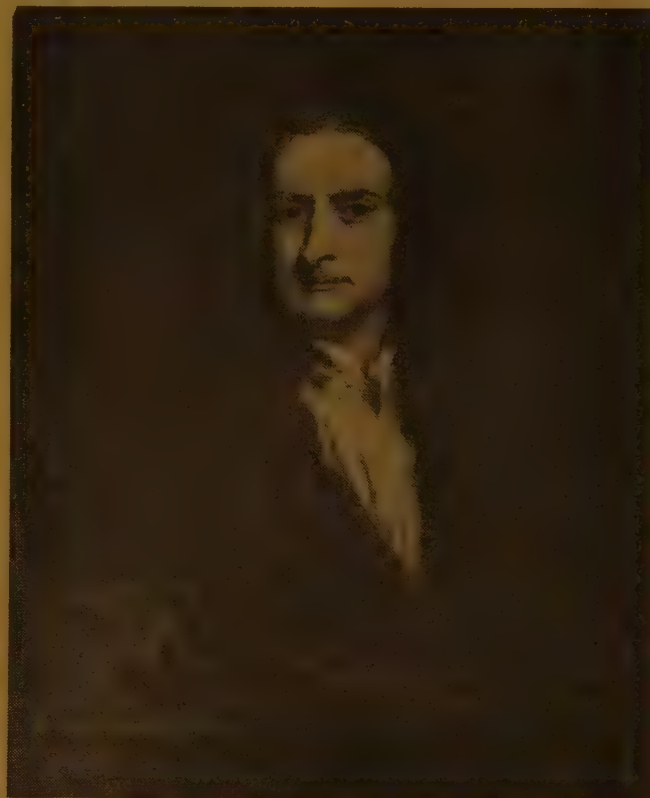
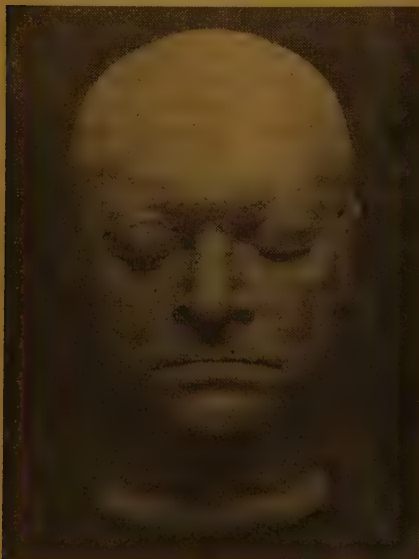
The inspirational side of portraits is generally rather slurred over nowadays, and I suppose many people now would have some sympathy with the militant lady who in July 1914 took a meat-cleaver to the portrait of precisely the anti-feminist, arch-hero-worshipper, Thomas Carlyle himself. The day of the colossal public statue is over; the monumental biographies, effigies in three volumes, of the great Victorians give way to studies that can never entirely ignore the irreverent technique of Lytton Strachey—a point of view admirably summed up by a member of the Gallery's attendant staff. A visitor had complained about Lady Hamilton being next to Nelson: 'I'm sorry, madam', said the attendant, 'but that's history'. Yet the inspiration remains, and I have seen more than one small boy looking at Nelson a little dizzily, with never a glance for Lady Hamilton.

But sentiment, piety, moral education were not the only needs that the Gallery was designed to meet; and they would not by themselves have brought about its formation. The specific impetus towards the Gallery was given by serious professional historians who saw in portraits invaluable historical documents. Carlyle was early and strenuously on the Gallery's Board of Trustees, but the original idea was that of a historian whose standing is now less equivocal than Carlyle's—Lord Stanhope, the first chairman of the Trustees; he was almost certainly aided and abetted by an even more famous historian, Lord Macaulay, also one of the

original Trustees. It is the active encouragement of men like them that has helped the Gallery to build up a unique body of knowledge.

Gradually, in the hundred years of its history, the Portrait Gallery has built up in its archive a sort of laboratory almost, where the authenticity of historical portraits can be tested. This question of authenticity is vital, for unfortunately portraits seem to be subject to a kind of natural law which works something like this. They are rarely labelled with their sitters' names when painted and can easily lose their identity within two generations, particularly if a family dies out and its heirlooms are scattered. But hardly anyone likes living with a portrait of an unnamed man on his walls; it must therefore have a name. So its date and the approximate age of the sitter are worked out; perhaps she is a rather elderly lady in a ruff, about 1600. Now, who was elderly in 1600, female, and wore a ruff?—and I think ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have to think hard before they could call to mind any candidate other than Queen Elizabeth I. So the portrait becomes Queen Elizabeth, and a multitude of elderly ladies with ruffs are even now still believed to be Queen Elizabeth though they look really nothing like her.

The portrait painters confuse the situation even more, particularly with women, because at any given moment there is a sort of ideal fashionable mask into which every woman's face aspires, with help from cosmetics, hairdressers, and especially from the portrait painters. Similar ideals still exist today, but they change much faster and are set by film-stars; the Audrey Hepburn doe-eyed *gamine* fades almost overnight into the gracious lady of Grace Kelly. In Elizabeth's time it was set by the Queen; by Charles II's day the standard had sunk—at least in social respectability—and was set by the King's mistresses. There are even more wrongly identified



Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and (left) life-mask of William Blake (1757-1827), by J. S. Deville

Nell Gwyns than there are Elizabeths, and the Gallery has had grave trouble with Nell Gwyn; trouble resolved, I hope finally, only last year. The portrait in the Gallery long known as her, a very pretty portrait and just what Nell Gwyn, one would think, ought to look like, turned out to be almost certainly one of James II's mistresses, the Countess of Dorchester — traditionally

said to be plainer than Nell, though even wittier: but not Nell Gwyn, and she is now replaced by a painting whose authenticity has so far stood up to every possible probe.

You may have noted that Nell Gwyn barely fits in with Palmerston's category of people whose portraits are likely to inspire mental exertion, good conduct, and so on, though she might just fit into the Chinese poet's category of good secondary wives. There was in fact, from the beginning of the Gallery's history, much discussion as to what its scope should be: whether it should be confined to the virtuous or should include those whose greatness might be if not immoral then amoral. In the end the more realistic and perhaps more generous view of human nature prevailed. The Gallery illustrates broadly the British

character in visual terms, and it is idle to pretend that Nell Gwyn is of no importance. Her vitality is such that she still lives, reinterpreted in each generation but as endemic in the English imagination as Dr. Johnson or Desdemona or Florence Nightingale or Becky Sharp; the archetype of the pin-up girl.

To avoid disappointment I should stress that in probably most cases the chances of re-identifying a portrait that has lost its name are slight, as the likelihood is that it is a family portrait of someone who was never painted again; once it has lost its family name there is nothing to check it against. But for portraits of well-known people there are probably engravings, and photographs of other portraits of them. Photography has almost revolutionised the study of portraits in the last thirty years, and recent refinements such as infra-red, ultra-violet and the X-ray are also often helpful. For example, X-rays have recently shed new light on Samuel Pepys. The portrait of Pepys is a famous one; he stands there in a loose yellowish gown, holding a song in his hand, that starts, perhaps unkindly, 'Beauty, retire'. It is also one of the best documented portraits in our history, accompanied by a running commentary on its progress in the Diary, how Pepys almost broke his neck to get the right pose, how he hired an Indian gown to wear, how he bossed about his wretched painter. There was trouble over the sheet of music he holds in his hand, for every note had to be legible—it had been written by Pepys himself. There was trouble over a landscape in the background which Pepys had painted in and then painted out.

Well known as this portrait is, it is curiously clumsy in handling, and there has always been a doubt that it might be only a copy and not the original. This doubt was settled some months ago by the kind offices of the X-ray in the National Gallery. Pepys slewed sideways on a metal cradle while the X-ray plate-holder advanced slowly on him down its little tram-lines. We had thought we might find the painted-out landscape; we did not—it was probably too lightly painted to catch the rays—but we found other proof that this was indeed the original. The trouble with the music is all there—the paper was first painted with an artistic curl at the edges. In the X-ray you can see also that Pepys' right hand, which is hidden behind his body in the finished picture, was, to start with, held forward.

So the doubts evaporate; here is a first-hand, an authentic portrait. But what does the portrait mean? What purpose does this whole Gallery of portraits answer? It answers an abiding curiosity, a good and vulgar human curiosity—what does he look like? Then these portraits are mostly of men and women of some greatness of character, though some were great only perhaps in an excess of some not necessarily admirable quality. Let us now praise famous men. This, with the rigorous staring eyes, is the face of Isaac Newton; that fantastic yet exact facsimile is the life-mask of William Blake, tough as a monolith yet capacious to stage visions of all eternity; I doubt whether any educated Englishman who looks with wide eyes and heart and mind on these faces—Newton the scientist, Blake the visionary who hated Newton—could not be stirred and excited by them in some degree. Then they refer the historian constantly back to a human scale. Economic Trends may move like graphs or even tides, Political Theories may flare across continents, but the only instrument that can register them, control them or be controlled by them, remains the mind and spirit working in the mortal bodies of individual men and women.—*Home Service*

Among recent publications are: *Centenary History of the Literary and Historical Society 1855-1955* (The Kerry Man Ltd., Rock Street, Tralee, 21s.); *The Great Famine: Studies in Irish History 1845-52*, edited by R. Dudley Edwards and T. Desmond Williams (Browne and Nolan, 30s.).

Memories of the Old Vic

By ERIC PHILLIPS

I COUNT myself lucky in one thing at least. The gods gave me a good memory and the gift of being able to stand aside and watch my life as if I were a detached observer. A little over a quarter of a century ago I was at the Old Vic, learning to be an actor. I remained there for three years, starting as a student and ending up as a junior member of the company. It was an enriching experience. I knew at the time that I was taking part in something big and that I should remember those days all my life.

In the late summer of 1929 a new producer strode into the rehearsal room of the Old Vic where the company were assembled for the first rehearsal of 'Romeo and Juliet'. Under one arm he carried a script of the play, under the other a wholesale-size tin of a well-known tonic beverage. He was wearing a white shirt, open at the neck, with sleeves rolled back above the elbows, and a pair of old flannel trousers. His untidy hair literally stood on end and his eyes shone with fanatical enthusiasm. His name was Harcourt Williams.

By contrast, the rest of the company were very well groomed. John Gielgud, the leading man, wore a red carnation in his button-hole and so did Gyles Isham. Martita Hunt, chic and *soignée*, floated round in a flowered-silk frock which looked as if it might have come from one of the big houses in Paris—and very probably did. Miss Baylis was there too, of course, accompanied by two yapping dogs, and not so fashionably attired. It was stiflingly hot that August day under the glass roof of the rehearsal room, but there was a babble of excited voices and the air was vibrant with electric personalities.

Lilian Baylis made a speech, welcoming the new members of the company, and then the rehearsal began. A young actor whose name I have forgotten strolled across the floor in a somewhat leisurely manner and spoke the first line of the play.

Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals!

Harcourt Williams raised his hand and beat on the table with a clenched fist. 'No!' he roared. 'Not like that! This is Italy—the hot, passionate south. You are a tempestuous Latin character. You must convey that to the audience the moment the curtain rises. And ladies and gentlemen, please—all of you—right through this play I want pace—pace—pace!'

I looked at the tin of tonic food which Harcourt Williams had presumably brought with him to soothe his nerves, and I wondered at the moment whether it was his nerves or ours which needed soothing. One thing was certain: a new, dynamic force had arrived at the Old Vic.

We soon got to like Harcourt Williams. His enthusiasm was infectious and in no time he had the whole company on tiptoe. He timed each scene with a stop-watch, which was something unheard of in those days. He had a theory that 'Romeo and Juliet' could be performed in its entirety in approximately two hours, quoting in justification of this the line from the prologue 'within the two hours' traffic of our stage'. Certainly the play moved at an exciting tempo on the first night. Scene followed scene without interval—an achievement which was made possible only by the brilliant co-operation of the stage-management, headed by Peter Watts. The critics blamed Harcourt Williams for pushing his company too hard and complained that much of the poetry was gabbled. But if the pace of that production was too fast, it was a splendid fault. In the past, conventional performances and a too leisurely style of Shakespearean acting had often lulled audiences to sleep.

I have said that the Old Vic was vibrant with personalities, and among the company the greatest

of these was undoubtedly John Gielgud. His Romeo, matched with the flashing beauty of Adèle Dixon's Juliet, was acclaimed a success, but it was not until the third production of the season that the full glory of his genius burst upon us. The play was 'Richard II'.

I can see Gielgud now sniffing an orange stuck with cloves or striding petulantly round the stage with a riding whip. The infinite variations of his beautifully modulated voice hypnotised both audience and actors. It was an instinctive creation—this Richard II—drawing breath from inconsistency, and, like all great performances, conceived by the actor not in parts but as a whole. The turn of his head, the curve of his body, the movements of his hands each told a story of their own and were beautiful to watch. Again I picture Gielgud, robed in black velvet with a high collar and broad, flowing sleeves lined with white ermine. A red wig, parted in the middle, was brushed back so that the ears were partially visible. The face was pale and the hands—those powerfully aesthetic hands—were almost white and adorned with immense rings. Under the curves of pencilled eyebrows the eyes were set back a little by means of a faint flush of rouge. The mouth was scarlet, and its downward curves were accentuated by a wispy red moustache which curved downwards too, like little lines of insubstantial red smoke.

A great hush fell upon the audience as, with calm resignation, Gielgud made his entrance in the deposition scene, irradiating an aura of pathos and tragedy. Then, as the scene progressed, passion surged from him, his voice rising and falling in arches of self-pity. There was Richard II, a tragic, impotent figure—a bat imprisoned in a windowless tower beating its wings against stone walls. And then the exit. The lords drew their swords in fealty to the new king. There was a faint roll of drums from the orchestra which merged into a slow and mocking march. Gielgud tottered down the steps and moved slowly towards the exit, dragging his feet behind him and tilting his chin upwards in a last exhibition of majesty as the curtain slowly fell.

That scene is not the end of the play, and there were other splendid moments to follow, but it was the brilliant highlight of a great performance. When the curtain fell on the final scene the audience could be contained no longer. They rose, stamped, and shouted. That night, to use a Hollywood cliché, a star was born.

Gielgud's Hamlet is well known to playgoers: it is often forgotten, I think, that in the same year he also gave us a memorable Macbeth. It was at the dress rehearsal of this show that I was paid a rare compliment. I was sitting in a little room near the stage during an interval, talking to Martita Hunt, when Lilian Baylis suddenly appeared. She put her hand affectionately on my shoulder and, looking at Miss Hunt, said: 'Isn't it lovely—this dear boy is blossoming!'

It was characteristic of Lilian Baylis that she was interested in everyone who worked in her theatre. She was first and foremost a woman and tried to look after us like a mother. I once heard her advising one of the girl students to buy herself 'a pair of strong boots for the winter'. She had, as is well known, a high moral sense. There were all sorts of innocent little romances in the company and



Lilian Baylis in 1922



John Gielgud as Richard II in the Old Vic production of 1930

Mander-Mitchenson Theatre Collection

sometimes a gentle display of affection off-stage which in Miss Baylis' eyes was not very seemly. 'I won't have my students mating in the wings', she is reputed to have said.

For all that, Lilian Baylis was extremely unconventional. One warm September day she literally shanghaied me into accompanying her to the Lambeth Baths. In the water she wore a somewhat old-fashioned bathing costume and a cap like an inverted sponge bag. She said: 'When I go bathin', I'm a lazy girl. I like to be pushed along. That's where you come in, Eric'.

She lay on her back and floated on the water. Then, when I had swum over to her, she placed the tips of her toes on either side of my shoulders and told me to swim the breast stroke. For the best part of a quarter of an hour I propelled her up and down the Lambeth Baths.

Authors, Grave and Gay

During the 1929-1930 season Miss Baylis presented Molière's 'Malade Imaginaire'. The adaptation was by F. W. Anstey, who came to some of the rehearsals. A diminutive figure in a black coat and black hat, he stood and watched without uttering a word. To look at him you would never have thought he could have written that classic of English humour, *Vice Versa*. Like so many humorists Anstey was shy, retiring, and rather sad.

The same cannot be said of Bernard Shaw, who came to the Old Vic one day to read 'Arms and the Man'. That morning as I crossed the road from Waterloo station, I saw him striding ahead of me, wearing a long mackintosh which almost touched the ground. He was at least a quarter of an hour early, arriving before the producer and most of the company. He soon made himself at home, however, and was the centre of an admiring group of students and lesser members of the company. When all the cast had assembled, and each of us in turn had been formally introduced by Harcourt Williams, we sat around in a circle and Shaw started to read. He strongly characterised all the parts, speaking in a rich Dublin brogue. We enjoyed ourselves no end, and the same may be said of Bernard Shaw; for half-way through the first act he threw back his head and roared with laughter.

'You must forgive me', he said. 'I haven't read this play for a long time—and, you know, it's really very funny'.

In this, the first production of 'Arms and the Man' at the Old Vic, the part of Bluntschli was played by Ralph Richardson. It was his first season at the Old Vic and what a series of beautiful performances he gave us: a fruity Sir Toby Belch—in which part he made up to look like the Laughing Cavalier—Prince Hal in 'Henry VI Part I', Kent in 'King Lear', Caliban in 'The Tempest'. But for me his most moving and beautiful performance was as Enobarbus in 'Antony and

Cleopatra'. And here I must interpose an anecdote which illustrates the charm and modesty of the man.

At the time we were rehearsing this play Richardson went one day to his club and got into conversation with an elderly acquaintance who asked him what he was doing at the time:

'Rehearsing for "Antony and Cleopatra"', Richardson said.

'Ah! what a play! I once saw that fine actor, Lyn Harding, play Enobarbus. What a magnificent performance it was! What poise the man had! What a voice, what a presence! Never again shall we see such a performance in the part of Enobarbus. . . . Oh, by the way, what are you playing?'

'Pompey', said Richardson.

A guest artist for 'King Lear' that season was Eric Portman—not then the famous stage and screen star that he is today, but already an established favourite at the Old Vic. He played the part of Edgar. I was playing the steward, Oswald, who towards the end of the play is killed by Edgar in a sword fight. Oswald carries a letter tucked in his belt which, after his death, Edgar has to read aloud to the audience. This letter was carefully written out by hand and Portman had not bothered to learn it. One night as I lay on the stage there was an uncomfortably long silence. Portman muttered a few incoherent syllables and ended with the words: 'Your affectionate servant, Goneril'. I wondered what on earth could have happened. Subsequently I learned that, on opening the letter, he was confronted by the words: 'Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried'—lines of a letter in 'The Merchant of Venice'. Fortunately I was not to blame, for the letter was sealed and had been handed to me by the property master.

Gilt and Plush

Young actors and actresses are still making reputations at the Old Vic, and the theatre has been partly rebuilt and entirely redecorated. The auditorium today gleams with bright gilt. The stalls glow with rich red plush. I admire the new theatre and some of the performances I see there. The dust of centuries has been swept away and with it, I think—perhaps sentimentally—something else as well. The gallery is still alive with enthusiasm but old Miss Pilgrim, most famous of all the old galleryites, no longer leads the singing of the National Anthem in a shrill falsetto voice. The great circle which Ellen Terry admired so much has been preserved in its original shape. The boxes have disappeared, and that perhaps is no great loss, but I do miss the box on the level of the stage on the right of the auditorium. It was here that Lilian Baylis used to watch the play with her critical eye and strange twisted smile.—*Home Service*

Cantiga d'Amigo

I'll not go to Saint Clement
To pray, and reason takes my part
For he'll not listen, nor relent
To ease the pain about my heart,
Nor does he bring my love to me,
In spite of prayers rejects my plea.

I'll not go to Saint Clement,
For he has chosen to forget;
To bring my love will not consent,
Whom I have loved since first we met,
No, he'll not bring my love to me,
In spite of prayers rejects my plea.

But should he listen and return
My love whose absence breaks my rest,
Countless the candles I will burn
Before his altar, and the best;
But he'll not bring my love to me,
In spite of prayers rejects my plea.

Oh should he listen and return
My love to me, for whom I die,
Countless the candles I will burn
Before this blessed saint on high;
But he'll not bring my love to me,
In spite of prayers rejects my plea.

Since it's in vain this prayer of mine
And I see not my lover's face,
Why should I dote upon your shrine,
And precious Paris candles place?
For he brings not my love to me,
In spite of prayers, rejects my plea.

Keeping my love away from me,
Was perfidy, and since betrayed
I'll therefore burn, to spite my plea
Candles of paltry tallow made,
For he brings not my love to me,
In spite of prayers rejects my plea.

Translated by GILBERT PHELPS from the Portuguese of NUÑO PERES (thirteenth century)

Energy Changes and Chemical Cycles

ERNEST BALDWIN gives the first of six talks on 'The Chemical Basis of Life'

AS a scientist, I believe that the aim of science is to produce order out of chaos; to reduce to the simplest possible terms the phenomena of the universe. The facts of chemistry and physics have already for the most part been reduced to a conveniently small group of general laws, but in the biological sciences the facts of life are often so complicated that the process of reduction has not gone anything like so far. There are reasons for this entirely apart from the complexities of the subject. Like other branches of science, the study of living matter began with the observation of natural objects in their natural environments. This was the descriptive stage concerned at first with whole animals and plants and later with their parts. Only comparatively recently has it become both desirable and possible to move on to the second stage, when we could begin to speculate and experiment upon the functional behaviour of the parts of living things.

A New Approach

During the last thirty or forty years the techniques of studying the parts of animals and plants—the organs and the cells—have been supplemented by a newer approach; that of biochemistry. Instead of starting with large objects and working downwards, biochemistry starts with simple naturally occurring chemical substances and works upwards to progressively larger units and more complex chemical systems. In fact biochemistry attacks the problem from the opposite end to that of the older techniques, and at the present time the different lines of approach have begun to meet. Like the other biologies, biochemistry has had its two stages: the purely descriptive study of structure preceding that of function. In its first, the structural phase, it was in effect a highly specialised branch of organic chemistry, requiring all the skills of classical chemistry for the solution of its problems. The question to be answered in that stage was: 'What is living stuff made of?' But more recently, while still necessarily concerned with questions of structure, biochemistry has become more interested in functional or dynamic problems, and the question now is: 'How does it work?'

No matter where we look in the world of living things we find that chemical reactions are taking place. All biological processes—digestion, locomotion, fermentation, decomposition, and putrefaction—are essentially chemical changes, and all chemical changes are associated with exchanges of energy. All the energy which is dissipated in these processes comes in the first instance from the sun and is captured by plants. Green plants, together with certain bacteria, have the prerogative of trapping solar energy and using it to synthesise or build up (from very simple starting materials) complex substances of high energy content. Other organisms, such as the animals, are barred from the utilisation of solar radiation at first hand, but they have access to it at second hand by consuming and decomposing these complex plant products, the intrinsic energy of which they can then use for their own purposes: locomotion, growth, reproduction, and so forth.

The employment of this energy for biological purposes is accomplished by a complicated and extensive network of chemical reactions, collectively called metabolism. It is significant that nearly all these chemical changes are reactions which, in the absence of living stuff, take place too slowly to be measurable, or even to be detectable at all. In order to support the life and activities of living cells, the reactions must be enormously accelerated. This is accomplished by the actions of a large number of biological catalysts called enzymes. Since the presence of enzymes and their catalytic action is such an important matter in metabolism generally, let me give an example to show what a simple catalyst can do. If you prepare a mixture of equal parts of perfectly dry hydrogen and perfectly dry chlorine and expose the mixture to bright sunlight, nothing happens. But if traces of water are present in the mixture the result is a violent explosion. Water, in fact, acts as a catalyst and speeds up the reaction between the two gases.

In biological systems the reactions going on are much more complicated than this, and the catalysts—the enzymes—are much more complicated than water. Moreover, the energy which becomes available

when a bio-chemical process takes place is not liberated all at once with explosive violence, but gradually and step by step through a series of consecutive reactions. At each step in which energy becomes available, other processes catalysed by further enzymes see to it that a larger or smaller part of that energy is captured and chemically stored, much as the battery of a car stores up some of the energy fed into it by the dynamo. This stored energy can subsequently be transformed into the mechanical work performed by the muscles, into the electric discharges produced by certain eels and other electric fishes, into the flashes produced by fireflies, or into some other kind of biological work.

Apart from these rather spectacular feats, there is another way in which chemical energy can be used, and that is for the synthesis of complex chemical substances. Examples are the starch of plants, and its animal counterpart, glycogen, which act as stores of energy-rich carbohydrate materials. Both starch and glycogen are built up exclusively of the simple sugar, glucose.

When plant starches are synthesised from carbon dioxide and water by the photosynthetic activity of plants, the energy used in the synthesis is light energy trapped by the green pigment, chlorophyll. But animals cannot use this form of energy. When they eat starch they first of all dismantle it by means of digestive enzymes which set free the constituent glucose molecules. These pass through the lining of the intestine and enter the animal's blood stream. At their first port of call, the liver, the glucose molecules are stored by being built up into the so-called 'animal starch', glycogen, and this synthesis, like that of plant starch, requires energy. Since solar radiation cannot be used by animals, the energy required is captured from other chemical processes. One way of doing this would be to oxidize, or burn, some of the glucose itself; in fact the oxidation of a single molecule of glucose can provide enough energy to convert about forty other glucose molecules into glycogen. Glycogen thus synthesised and stored in the liver is later distributed to the other tissues of the body. For purposes of transport the liver glycogen is broken up again into glucose, which enters the blood, from which it is absorbed by the tissues that require it and again built up into glycogen, for use when the activities of the tissues demand it.

The Proteins

In addition to carbohydrate materials such as starch, the other main constituents of food, the fats and the proteins, are also digestively dismantled before being absorbed, and again the constituent units are reassembled in the cells and tissues. Each animal has its own characteristic way of carrying out this reassembly, especially in the case of the proteins. If it can be said that any particular group of substances is more characteristic of life than any other, that distinction must certainly go to the proteins. Not only do they play a large part in the structure of the cell but also in its metabolism, for the enzymes which control and direct the metabolic processes are themselves proteins. Apart from its enzymes each animal species has a set of proteins—serum proteins and haemoglobin in the blood, muscle proteins, and many more—and each of these is characteristic of the species and different from that of every other species. It follows that the total number of different proteins in the animal kingdom alone is very large indeed. Just as the complex carbohydrates, starch and glycogen are built up from simple units of glucose, so proteins are built up from simple units, in this case from substances known as amino-acids.

Altogether about twenty chemically different amino-acids enter into the composition of a typical protein such as egg-white albumen, and several hundreds of amino-acid molecules are required to make one molecule of protein. The protein molecule is thus relatively large and, since the amino-acid units are linked end to end, it is like a chain or a string of beads, sometimes straight but sometimes very much coiled up. Given twenty-odd different amino-acids, or, if you like, beads of twenty-odd colours, the number of ways in which three or four hundred of them can be strung together works out at a figure considerably

larger than the number of stars in the sky! So there is plenty of room for individuality in protein structure.

Differences in the structures of different proteins are reflected in their properties and these, in their turn, are reflected in their functions. Some are insoluble and form tough, mechanically strong structures such as skin, horn, nails, feathers, and the armour plating of tortoises. At the other extreme there are very soluble proteins which have no significant mechanical properties but form food for young animals, for example egg-white and the proteins of milk. Others, again, form the matrix of the cell contents within which take place the metabolic events upon which the life of the cell depends. Some possess special and peculiar properties, like the contractile protein, actomyosin, which is the chief constituent of muscle. In fact the contraction of muscle is due to the summation of the contractions of its actomyosin molecules. As I have said, many proteins possess catalytic properties, and these are of special importance in metabolism since they are, in fact, enzymes.

The Nucleoproteins

This evident functional diversity is due primarily to the almost infinite variety of ways in which the mere handful of amino-acids can be strung together in their hundreds; but, over and above this, new variations can be produced by adding on to the protein some constituent or constituents other than amino-acids. The substances formed in this way are called conjugated proteins.

In recent years a great deal of interest has centred on one particular group of these conjugated proteins, the nucleoproteins. Here the structure of rather complex additional material is still being worked out, but the structure of the protein component is certainly different from one species to the next. These nucleoproteins are remarkably versatile and fascinating substances. For instance, viruses which cause many plant and animal diseases prove to be nucleoproteins and one of their remarkable properties is that, although in many ways they behave like living things, they can be prepared and stored more or less indefinitely as crystals, like the crystals of Epsom salts. Again, the chromosomes, which are the material basis of heredity, are composed largely and perhaps entirely of nucleoprotein material. But apart from these special facets of their behaviour, nucleoproteins are universally present in living cells; in the nuclei and other cellular inclusions, and in other parts of the cells. Moreover, they are involved in some way in the synthesis of proteins generally, and although we do not know exactly what they do and how they do it, there is no doubt that they play an important part in the formation of the structural, metabolic, and catalytic proteins of cells and tissues.

Among the more remarkable discoveries of biochemistry in recent times has been the fact that many important metabolic processes do not proceed in a straightforward chain of successive reactions, but take place in a cyclical manner. So important and widespread are these cyclical reactions that it would seem almost as if the Book of Ezekiel was written by a prophetic biochemist: 'I looked and beheld, the wheels had one likeness and their appearance was, as it were, a wheel within a wheel. Whithersoever the spirit was to go they went, for the spirit of the living creatures was in the wheels'.

We see an example of this cyclical activity in the final stages of

food breakdown. All foods (carbohydrates, fats, and proteins) eventually produce, as a common product, a highly reactive derivative of acetic acid. Acetic acid contains two carbon atoms which are eventually expelled from the body in the form of two molecules of carbon dioxide, but this final breakdown does not consist of the acetate derivative simply splitting into the two separate molecules of carbon dioxide. It is, rather, a cyclical process. The acetic derivative, with its two carbon atoms, combines with another substance containing four carbon atoms. Thus a six-carbon compound, citric acid, is formed. This then undergoes a series of chemical changes, losing first one and then a second carbon atom in the form of carbon dioxide. The residual four-carbon substance returns then to the point at which it entered the cycle and reacts with a second molecule of the two-carbon derivative, and the whole process is repeated, acetic acid going in and carbon dioxide coming out with each turn of the wheel. This essentially cyclical process is the main energy generator of most kinds of living cells and tissues: it exemplifies the numerous cyclical processes which play such an important part in the total metabolic organisation that underlies the livingness of living things.

Just as classical biology has developed along many different lines—botany, zoology, protozoology, and the rest—so, too, there are many branches of biochemistry. But the further research goes and the wider is the range of living materials investigated, the more evident it becomes that, in spite of millions of years of divergent evolution, and despite the vast differences in size, structure, and function that exist between different living organisms today, many common features appear throughout the living world. There seems, in fact, to be a common, fundamental metabolic ground-plan to which, apparently, living systems of almost every kind conform. Superimposed on this fundamental basic pattern there are many secondary adaptive features. In the words of my former teacher, the late Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, one of the future tasks of biochemistry 'is to decide on what, from the chemical viewpoint, is essential for life's manifestations, as distinct from what is secondary and adaptive'.

Handsome Contribution of Biochemistry

Biochemistry has already contributed handsomely to human affairs in both clinical and economic spheres alike. In at least one university school in this country it has found its way into chemical engineering and seems to have a bright future before it. Its applications to clinical and veterinary medicine have been very great indeed; in diagnosis, for example, and, also, through the discovery of the vitamins, in nutrition. Again, through the large part that biochemical work and skill has played in the discovery and isolation of such potent antibiotics as penicillin, streptomycin, and many more, biochemistry has played a major part in the eternal fight against disease.

Considered academically as an independent branch of biological science, biochemistry has a high place to fill and fundamental contributions to make to knowledge. Above all, it bids fair to offer to all the numerous branches of contemporary biology a unification and a community of interest that may do much to destroy what might so easily have destroyed biology itself, the very departmentalism that its own materials have in the past created.—*Third Programme*

Does Oxford Moral Philosophy Corrupt Youth?

By G. E. M. ANSCOMBE

A REVIEW in the periodical called *Mind* once reported that there are people who think that moral philosophy in one of its current fashions 'corrupts the youth'. The moral philosophy in question is the one connected with linguistic analysis, which has various exponents in the English-speaking world. They might not like being lumped together, but their work looks roughly alike from the outside, and none of it stands above and apart from the rest, marked out as original with the others as derivations. Some forms of it are current at Oxford, and it is especially up-to-date Oxford moral philosophy that I have been asked to consider here.

I will say straight away that I do not think the accusation is correct. I will explain why later. First, however, I will note a remark by that

same reviewer, who was discussing a book by Mr. Hare, that no one could think him a corrupter in view of his obvious moral earnestness. This does not seem good evidence. There was an Archbishop of our time—Archbishop Temple*—who was always saying such things as that Christian business men and politicians must 'compromise' with their ideals because otherwise they would be driven out of their fields, which would then be left to people who had no ideals; 'the actual purification of commerce depends on the continuance in business of those who have ideals'. This, he explained, means sinning—'all is sin that falls short of the glory of God'. And his moral earnestness was unsurpassed. If you really wanted to corrupt people by direct teaching of ideas, moral earnestness would, in fact, be an important

* In *Christian Faith and the Common Life*, pages 58-60.—G.E.M.A.

item of equipment. But I should also suspect that direct teaching of ideas is not, nowadays, the best way of setting about changing people: public action is much more effective. A good deal was done, for example, by arranging trials of war criminals on the bad side with judges from the good and victorious side making up their law as they went along; this educated people out of old-fashioned over-legalistic conceptions of justice. There is a moral law above any positive enactments, and it was an inspiring thing that horrible sinners against it should be brought before its bar—so I have had it explained to me by young men at Oxford who, I felt, had learned more definite, new, moral theory from this than from any teaching of moral philosophy.

However, as I have said, if you want to corrupt people by direct propagation of ideas, moral earnestness is pretty well indispensable. Another important thing is to keep away from facts other than ones which it is standard practice to mention—unlike, for instance, that communist witness before a Royal Commission on the armaments trade who read out a list of the holdings in armaments shares of members of the commission. The irrelevance of facts (stressed on this occasion by the chairman of the commission) might be agreed to in a certain sense by moral philosophers with whom it is a regular dogma that no fact can entail an ethical proposition, and that people might agree on all the facts (and, I suppose, on their mention) and still disagree in ethics. I suppose they might, but the situation is an ideal one; a logical model, as people say. A third point of method which I would recommend to the corrupter would be this: concentrate on examples which are either banal: you have promised to return a book, but . . . and so on; or fantastic: what you ought to do if you had to move forward, and stepping with your right foot meant killing twenty-five fine young men while stepping with your left foot would kill fifty drooling old ones. (Obviously the right thing to do would be to jump and polish off the lot.)

An Unfair Accusation

But it is in my opinion an entirely unfair and absurd accusation that such moral philosophy as is now dominant at Oxford corrupts the youth; I am surprised to learn that such a charge has been made, and it is my purpose to rebut it. In order to show that a certain teaching corrupts people, you must obviously show that they have (or would have come to have) better ideas without this teaching. One way of doing this would be to say you knew of examples: I know of none, which is at least negative evidence, for what that is worth. But another way is to look at the ideas which are specially characteristic of our society—ones, that is, which are both fairly standard and pretty much in the van—and compare them with the teaching of up-to-date university teachers. For they are presumably what most of the youth would be absorbing without the aid of those teachers; and if they are better than the teachers' ideas, and these are really influential, then they are corrupting the youth; but if they are about equal, or not so good, then no such accusation is fair.

It seems to me evident that there is no difference at all: Oxford moral philosophy is perfectly in tune with the highest and best ideals of the country at large, and this can be demonstrated in a few instances. It is a matter of a dead level, no more and no less.

First, there is what I may call an anti-Platonic view of justice—anti-Platonic, I mean, in one detail. Plato seems to have thought that a just society would be one in which the people were just. But this, you can learn at Oxford, may conceal a fallacy; it is not at once clear whether 'just' is a term like 'healthy' (you could not call a community healthy unless its members were individually healthy) or rather a term like 'well-arranged', which obviously does not apply to the individual. I should think that Plato was not analysing—and therefore possibly fallacious; but maintaining a thesis—and therefore possibly wrong. But is not this teaching, as to the fallacy that may lie concealed here, very much in line with one of the most important insights of modern times: that injustice may be nobody's fault, and that what is required is good arrangement? With this goes preference for policy—which is an effort to calculate and promote the general good over archaic and metaphysical conceptions of justice. One can cite the unquestionably correct decisions of courts that, for example, certain tribunals need take no account of what is called 'natural justice' in their decisions; and that local authorities' proceedings in certain matters are not challengeable on grounds of fraud and bad faith on their part.

Then, again, there is a high conception of responsibility which is certainly imparted at Oxford and which is also in tune with the time. If something seems in itself a bad sort of action, but you calculate that

if you do not do it then the total situation (some say the total state of the world) will be worse than if you do it—then you must do it; you are answerable for the future if you can affect it for the better. This is familiarly echoed outside the university: for example, it was right to massacre the Japanese because it was (or at least was thought to be) productive of a better total state of affairs than not doing so would have been. Of course, it takes a don to give one formulation of the idea that I have heard, namely: if, unless you do A someone else will do B, then if you do not do A, you can yourself be said to *do B* (you bring it about that B is done, for the other man would not have done it if you had done A). It sounds a bit odd in the case of adultery, but the general idea is a common one.

Limitless Responsibility

There is, further, a gentle, tolerant, and civilised idea of responsibility for things once they have been done, which in fact goes with the high one I have mentioned. Responsibility is causality; for to hold someone in good standing responsible for what he did is to ascribe the whole causality of it as an event to him—and that is unfair; you must not make him a scapegoat for something that obviously had all sorts of causes. Thus I must face the future with a recognition of limitless responsibility; no letting myself off this; I cannot, for example, take the easy way out by saying that certain courses of action are excluded by their badness; but towards the past I need feel only that degree of responsibility indicated by my share in bringing about whatever situation was brought about. With this also goes the merciful and humane attitude towards criminals characteristic of the best liberal minds. For an agent is himself the victim of causality, so it is better to treat and train him than to blame and punish him. *Bien entendu*, treatment may take longer than punishment. That may even be the only difference, as in the case of 'corrective training'.

Thus, both in the university and outside, people are surely getting rid of the merely legalistic and unphilosophical notion of the 'nature and quality of an act'. It survives in our older laws and hence in the minds of our judiciary, but newer laws are putting this right so far as concerns the essential business of calculating the improvement of the general state of affairs, as is shown by the correct legal decisions that I have cited; and that this is the correct procedure in making moral decisions is constantly taught in the university. A frequent occurrence that is much in the same spirit is the removal by authority of elderly widows from their dwellings, which anyone can see they are not keeping in accordance with the standards of hygiene which are desirable for their own and general welfare. How remote and alien—and indeed totally irrelevant—sounds the remark of Solomon 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel'.

Another instance can be found in the intense feeling for cruelty and suffering. This is the topic on which there is an automatic pressure of general moral opinion in Oxford discussions. If anyone should try saying that some kind of action was bad, a case (however fantastic) is at once imagined in which a consequence of doing that action is that some horrible suffering is averted, and that settles the question. Is not this feeling for suffering a common feature of our time: one of the strongest standard things to appeal to in common talk and in newspapers, outside the university too? Think how strongly we feel about the need for preventive measures in regard to cruelty to children (very widely interpreted). I do not know if any vulgar minds ever have the thought: Preventive measures means they want to go into people's homes and push them around, not because they have done anything, but just in case they do. But, if so, they would be wise to keep this sentiment to themselves. With this too goes the idea that what is dreadful in war is purely the 'use of force', aggression, the amount of suffering; who, for example, is made the object of attack, with what justification, does not make much difference.

Choosing Your Way of Life

There is also the realisation in moral philosophy that what you have to do is to choose your way of life and act in the way that fits in with this. *De finibus non est disputandum*. In discussion common standards are assumed—'our' standards, shown by 'what we say' in judging others. These are tacitly assumed to be good, and indeed the general picture conjured up is one of people free of crime, behaving nicely (they always tell lies to avoid betraying friends, for example), and also looking for improvement, both of the state of the world and of standards

(continued on page 271)

NEWS DIARY

February 6-12

Wednesday, February 6

Minister of Defence makes statement in Commons about his visit to Washington

President Eisenhower tells his news conference that the American Government is anxious to increase the flow of oil to Europe

Israel puts forward new proposals to the United Nations about her withdrawal behind the armistice lines

Thursday, February 7

The bank rate is reduced from 5½ to 5 per cent. The Chancellor of the Exchequer states that this does not mean a change in economic policy

A White Paper is published on the case for Britain joining a European industrial free-trade area

Friday, February 8

President Eisenhower and King Saud of Saudi Arabia publish a statement on their talks on the Middle East

An Israeli spokesman states that there is deadlock at the United Nations over the proposed withdrawal of Israel's forces behind the armistice lines

The proposed constitution for Ghana, the new name for the Gold Coast, is published as a White Paper

Saturday, February 9

President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles discuss Israel's refusal to withdraw from the Gulf of Akaba and the Gaza Strip

Mr. Bulganin asks the Prime Minister to suggest a date for visiting Moscow

The death occurs in Portugal of Admiral Horthy, former Regent of Hungary

Sunday, February 10

United Nations salvage ships begin moving one of the last two major obstructions in the Suez Canal

King Saud of Saudi Arabia arrives in Madrid

The Italian left-wing Socialists, led by Signor Nenni, vote to end their close association with the Communists

Monday, February 11

The Prime Minister is to meet President Eisenhower in Bermuda on March 21

R.A.F. aircraft destroy village in Aden Protectorate as reprisal for ambush by tribesmen

Earth tremor is felt in Midlands

Tuesday, February 12

Soviet Government puts forward proposals on Middle East in Notes to Western Powers

Council of Ministers of O.E.E.C. meets in Paris under chairmanship of Chancellor of the Exchequer

Plans for reorganising local finance are announced. Rates on industry to be doubled



Monsignor William Godfrey being enthroned as the seventh Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster (in succession to the late Cardinal Griffin) in Westminster Cathedral on February 11. The ceremony was televised for the first time



A line-out during the international rugby match at Dublin last Saturday. The English team, in spite of losing one man through injury shortly after the start, beat Ireland by six points to nil



Objects dating from the sixth century B.C. when a number of Etruscan tombs were opened excavations at Cerveteri, near Rome: an amphora from one of the tombs



This year's supreme champion of Cruft's Dog Olympia last week: 'Volkrijk of Vorden', a K



King Saud of Saudi Arabia photographed on his arrival in Madrid on February 10 for a four-day official visit to the Spanish capital. With him is General Franco. King Saud had flown to Spain from Washington.



Israelis demonstrating in Jerusalem last weekend in support of their Government's decision not to comply with the United Nations' demand to withdraw their troops unconditionally from the Gaza Strip and from the shore of the Gulf of Akaba. Similar mass meetings were held throughout the country.



The ceremony of Changing the Guard reflected in rainwater on Horse Guards Parade, London, last week. The rainfall so far this month in southern England is already more than that recorded for the whole of February and March last year, and there has been flooding in many places.



Manor House, Little Chesterford, Essex, one of the oldest inhabited houses in the county, which is receiving a grant for repairs from the Ministry of Works. Its timber aisled hall (c. 1275) is unique among manor houses. It will be open to visitors, by appointment, between May and September.



Miss Wood is typing a report—and dreaming a dream. Someday she will put the cover on her machine for the last time. Then . . . freedom! That cottage with the clematis, and enough to live on for the rest of her life!

Through staff pensions schemes, and through endowment and pension policies, Life Assurance is laying solid foundations for the day-dreams of an ever-increasing number of people. But tomorrow's happy retirement depends on today's judicious investment: Money paid in premiums provide much-needed capital for British industry. That's why what is good for Miss Wood is good for the national economy too.

Life Assurance

part of the British way of life

(continued from page 267)

themselves—in the direction towards which they already point. 'Way of life' talk is not a university invention; it is the staple of our time (no one, obviously, is going to persuade us to give up anything, like contraception, which goes with our way of life). It universally carries with it these connotations both of satisfactoriness and arbitrariness; nor does it lack the upward-looking glance.

Finally, there is the immensely serious question of the upbringing of children. Everybody knows that we have long since discarded the hideous conception of parental authority. The business of parents is to do their best for their children, whom they therefore confront fearfully. The disservice of imposing their own standards, which may become

outmoded, is evident. In a changing world, with changing conditions, standards must change; and you must cut your morals according to your purposes and the conditions, so that your actions will promote the effects you choose to pursue. (For your actions show what your morals are, no matter what you say.) Clearly, all we can do is to equip our children as thinking human beings, capable of forming and indefinitely improving their own standards of action without impediment. Is not this the general, as well as the university, opinion?

I hope that I have said enough to show that the famous imputation of 'corrupting the youth' is undeserved. This philosophy is conceived perfectly in the spirit of the time and might be called the philosophy of the flattery of that spirit.—*Third Programme*

Bringing Copyright Up to Date

A QUEEN'S COUNSEL on the new Copyright Act

FOR many months I followed the progress through Parliament of the Copyright Bill, now passed into law as the Copyright Act, 1956, which it is reasonable to suppose will be brought into operation within the next few months. We have not had a new Copyright Act in this country for forty-five years. It was therefore a very different world in which the last Act, the Act of 1911, was passed. True, the talking machine became known some eighty years ago, but the cinematograph film was only just in its infancy and broadcasting had not even been invented. So this new Act is a matter of national importance: it will bring copyright into line with present-day conditions. It is a matter also of international importance, because soon we shall see its effect in various parts of the world. In particular we shall see a striking change in the United States, where, after what has been called 'a century of copyright isolationism', the new Act will be a necessary means of removing barriers which have long stood in the way of British authors.

A Right with No National Boundaries

For over a century this country has sought to uphold the principle that the protection of copyright—the right to copy—should know no national boundaries. We are one of the original members of the Berne Union for the protection of the rights of authors over their literary and artistic works. We have, in fact, consistently signed each of the revised texts of the Berne Convention. The last was revised at Brussels in 1948, and one of the objects of the new Act is to enable us to ratify it. But the United States has never been a member of the Berne Union, and thus it was in a position to impose its own copyright conditions. They were indeed onerous, and there can be no doubt that they caused resentment on the part of British authors. For a work in the English language to secure copyright in the United States it was necessary that it should be printed in the United States from type set up there. Further, registration of copyright was required.

Observe the sharp contrast between the law of copyright as it existed in the United States and the law of copyright in our own country. Here there are no formalities. The requirement as to registration was swept away when the Act of 1911 came into force. The law has operated automatically in regard to a work entitled to copyright whether published or unpublished. A letter may be protected just as effectively as a novel or a photograph or an oil painting. But consider the change which will come about shortly in the international field. Another Convention was signed in 1952. It is the Universal Copyright Convention which was prepared under the auspices of Unesco and was signed at Geneva by some forty countries, including the United Kingdom and the United States. Indeed, the United States has already ratified it, and it was actually brought into operation there on September 16, 1955. We have not yet ratified it, but we shall do so as soon as the necessary preliminaries have been completed.

The position, then, will be simple. To secure copyright in a state which is a party to the Universal Copyright Convention, like the United States, it will be merely necessary that from the time of first publication all copies of a work shall bear a prescribed symbol—the letter C within a circle, accompanied by the name of the copyright proprietor and the year of first publication, so placed as to give

reasonable notice of claim of copyright. Where that is done, all formalities imposed under the domestic law of any state will be regarded as satisfied. Already American publishers are using the prescribed symbol, and it was fittingly conspicuous on the cover of a book dealing with copyright in the United States which came into my possession recently.

To enable us to ratify these two Conventions—the Brussels Convention, as it is called, and the Universal Copyright Convention—it was necessary to amend the Act of 1911. For instance, the term of protection granted by the Brussels Convention is for the life of the author and fifty years after his death, and countries of the Union are no longer excused by their domestic laws, as they formerly were, from applying this provision.

There is a provision in the Act of 1911 which gives a publisher a 'licence of right' to reproduce a published work at any time after the expiration of twenty-five years from the death of the author, on giving the prescribed notice and paying the prescribed royalty of 10 per cent. This provision may well have been intended to facilitate the issue of cheap editions; but it has had to go, to enable us to ratify the Brussels Convention. In truth its disappearance does not seem to be a matter of any real importance. The Copyright Committee, who reported in October, 1952, and upon whose work the new Act is largely founded, said they had received evidence, which they saw no reason to challenge, that as a matter of general practice publishers did not wait for twenty-five years from the date of publication, let alone for twenty-five years after the death of the author, before they issued a cheap edition of works in popular demand.

But it may well seem strange that, while we have discarded one system of 'licence of right', we should have retained another. I refer to the re-enactment of a provision of the Act of 1911 to the effect that if the owner of the copyright in a musical work has agreed to one manufacturer making records of it for sale, other manufacturers are entitled to make similar records, provided they give notice of intention and pay the appropriate royalty. I am bound to say that this is in accordance with the Brussels Convention which, while giving composers the exclusive right of authorising the recording of their works, leaves reservations and conditions to be determined by legislation in each country of the Union.

Distinguished Opposers

This 'licence of right' led to controversy both inside and outside Parliament during the progress of the Copyright Bill. It was opposed by many distinguished composers and authors, and they maintained their opposition to the bitter end. In fact, when the Bill reached the report stage in the House of Commons—having already passed through the House of Lords—a petition was presented from 594 British composers and authors asking that the relevant provision should be deleted. They included Sir Arthur Bliss, Sir Alan Herbert, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Benjamin Britten, and Mr. Henry Hall. 'Your petitioners', ran the petition, 'look with faith and hope to Parliament itself for protection of liberties hardly won and vigilantly cherished'. The petition was ordered 'to lie upon the Table'.

The Government sought to solve the problem in two ways: first by seeking to differentiate between (a) serious and non-serious music and

(b) long-playing and short-playing records. It was found that neither of these forms of differentiation was practicable. So it was a case of all or nothing—whether to retain the 'licence of right' provision or do away with it altogether. In the end the Government's view was that when a provision has worked for forty-five years the onus must be on those seeking to change it; that it was in essence a device to spread the scope of a recording and get it to a wider body of the public. So I suppose it may be said that the interests of the public, rather than the claims of the composers, influenced the final decision. But I must confess my sympathies are with the composers. As a matter of principle, it seems to me that if a composer authorises A to make a recording of his work he ought not at the same time to be taken as authorising B and C to do the same.

Automatic Copyright

Nor did any greater success attend the efforts which were made to change the law in regard to a matter of real importance to biographers, historians, and others, namely, the protection for an indefinite period of original unpublished works—the supreme example of automatic copyright. Letters, diaries, and manuscripts of various kinds—all of which are or may be the object of copyright—pass into or are retained in private possession. Some, such as the Boswell manuscripts, which were lying in a croquet mallet box, are discovered many years after they were written. In such cases the heirs and assigns of the author may be unknown, and to solve the problem of the ownership of copyright may present real difficulties.

So it was that when the Bill was in the House of Commons it was sought to incorporate an amendment dealing with letters—that copyright in an unpublished letter should continue for fifty years from the end of the year in which the author died, or for 100 years from the end of the year in which the letter was written, whichever was the later, and should then expire. But all kinds of difficulties in the way of definition were suggested. Was a memorandum written by one person to another a letter? Was something enclosed in a letter part of the letter? and so on. What I think finally settled the matter was the suggestion that it was in the public interest that publishers should be able to arrange for appropriate publication of hitherto unpublished copyright material, free from the risk that competitors would immediately copy the results of their work, and publish cheap editions, and so prevent them from getting the reasonable rewards of their labours.

The only consolation which was offered those who sought to change the law in regard to unpublished letters was that under one of the special exceptions in the Act a person will be at liberty to reproduce a work which is kept in a library, museum, or other institution, where it is open to public inspection, if it is more than fifty years after the death of the author and more than 100 years after it was made.

In my view there are three outstanding features of the new Copyright Act: First the creation of a new copyright in sound and television broadcasts—new because broadcasting was unknown when the Act of 1911 was passed. Second, the creation of a new copyright in cinematograph films as such; that is to say, in films as a whole. The Act of 1911 gave the owner of copyright in a literary, dramatic, or musical work the sole right to make 'any record, perforated roll, cinematograph film or other contrivance by means of which the work may be mechanically performed or delivered'. Now the maker of a film—the person by whom the arrangements necessary for the making of it are undertaken—is entitled to copyright in the film as such, independently of any copyright there may be in its component parts. The third outstanding feature is the setting up of a Performing Right Tribunal. This is not to follow the pattern of the Copyright Appeal Board in Canada, which considers the tariffs of collecting societies whether objections have been lodged or not. The Performing Right Tribunal is to be a dispute-resolving body—to determine disputes arising between licensing bodies and persons requiring licences, or organisations claiming to be representative of such persons.

'A Broadcaster's Right'

The B.B.C. made representations both to the Broadcasting Committee who reported in January 1951, and to the Copyright Committee who reported in October 1952, for what it described as 'a broadcaster's right'. It gave its inability to control the use of its programmes as a reason for wanting this right. The Broadcasting Committee said this was supported by statements that artists had at times refused to broadcast because the Corporation could not prevent the unauthorised record-

ing of the programmes; and variety and other artists had been unwilling to take part in television programmes through fear of their programmes being re-diffused in cinemas.

The Copyright Committee said that on the question of copyright in the ordinary sense, the position of the B.B.C., as they saw it, was not in principle very different from that of a gramophone company or a film company. They said:

It assembles its own programmes and transmits them at considerable cost and skill. When using copyright material it pays the copyright owner, and it seems to us nothing more than natural justice that it should be given the power to control any subsequent copying of these programmes by any means. It has been represented to us that the absence of such a right has already caused considerable embarrassment to the B.B.C. Apparently, indifferent reproductions both of sound and television programmes have been made, and sold to the public, to the detriment alike of the Corporation and of those taking part. We consider that a right should be given to the B.B.C. or any other broadcasting organisation to prevent this happening again.

At the same time the Copyright Committee were unable to accede to representations that copyright should vest in the promoters of sporting, dramatic and other events which it was hoped to televise. A right given, they said, could not be restricted to sports promoters, but would have to be granted widely:

We are convinced that, before long, there would grow up around the public performances of television a thick hedge of licences which would be required from many associations of copyright owners (as well as individuals) with inevitable complaints and confusion in the minds of the public. Accordingly we believe that the wise course is to recognise only one performing right which should be vested in the broadcasting authority emitting the programme.

The views so expressed by the Copyright Committee commended themselves to a very substantial body of opinion in Parliament. So it is that the new Act provides that copyright is to subsist in every television or sound broadcast made by the B.B.C. or the I.T.A. from a place in the United Kingdom or in any other country to which the relevant provision extends. The new right is aimed at preventing the copying of television or sound broadcasts. It creates also a performing right in television broadcasts limited to performances before paying audiences. In some cases there may well be nice questions as to the application of the phrase 'a paying audience'; but I must not attempt to touch upon them in this very general survey of the Act.

The Relay Services

I must, however, make a brief reference to a matter which gave rise to a good deal of controversy when the Copyright Bill was in committee in the House of Commons. It related to amendments dealing with the transmission of broadcasts to subscribers to the relay services. Neither the B.B.C. nor the I.T.A. was affected. The point at issue was the need to make provision for the payment of copyright fees in respect of broadcasts made from foreign stations and picked up by relay companies in this country. The argument was that this was putting a new burden on the lower income groups served by these companies. There were 1,077,600 subscribers to the relay services in 1955, and it was pointed out that if the additional cost to the companies amounted to the conjectural figure of £50,000 a year, and if it was all passed on, the burden on the subscribers would be somewhere of the order of a farthing a week. However, the diffusion of foreign broadcasts is one of the matters with which the Performing Right Tribunal may deal.

The House of Commons was told the story of how relay originated. It was believed to have started in the home of a Dutchman whose wife was ill and unable to listen to the wireless downstairs. The husband therefore provided an extension for a loudspeaker upstairs so that they could both listen. Neighbours later also wanted to listen through his receiver. Such was the origin of relay wireless. It is simply a method by which a large number of people can listen to the programmes through the same receiver.

Finally, one other piece of evidence as to the changed conditions in which the new Act has been passed. Twenty years after the passing of the Act of 1911 came the Statute of Westminster. The result is that it is no longer appropriate to legislate at all for the self-governing Dominions; and, although the new Act can be extended to the Colonies, this clearly will not be done without prior consultation. But Dominions and Colonies, and indeed other countries to which it may be applied, will surely study with particular interest this long-awaited Act. In fact, I have little doubt that it will provide a model for new legislation in many countries—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Adult Education: Ends or Means?

Sir,—It is a remarkable and rather tragic circumstance that Mr. L. J. Barnes, in his review of a *Design for Democracy* should present the modern picture of adult education as something which is the whole concern of university extra-mural departments, and that even in the example he gives of his own experience in an Oxford class, he should (perhaps unwittingly) convey the impression that modern provision of adult education is mainly concerned with giving students 'an insight into the principles underlying their job'.

This is not true either of extra-mural work or of the much larger volume of work provided by voluntary bodies such as the Workers' Educational Association, and it is even more remarkable that anyone can review adult education since 1919 without a single reference to the important role of the W.E.A.

That most of the provision is still for classes providing 'discussions of issues of high politics and high economics' in the tradition of the class at St. Helen's is amply proved by the subject analysis of classes last year:

The group which included History (British Commonwealth, European, Social, Economic, and Industrial) consisted of 1,019 classes or 18.95 per cent. of the total. International affairs accounted for 453 classes or 8.68 per cent.

Social Sciences: Political, economic, education, public administration, and trade union studies, 938 classes or 17.86 per cent.

Philosophy: 302 classes or 5.72 per cent.

Religion: 180 classes or 3.51 per cent.

Natural Sciences: 410 classes or 7.77 per cent.

Geography: 125 classes or 2.37 per cent.

The rest were English literature and the arts.

What is more, most of the 5,000-odd classes referred to above are 'neighbourhood classes' drawn from a variety of occupations with a large proportion of housewives who are certainly not obsessed with study for professional or occupational purposes.

It may be that there is a demand from extra-mural departments for professional studies, outside the traditional role of non-vocational study—but, if so, it is a parallel development which has not restricted either the quality or quantity of voluntary effort of the St. Helen's type.

Yours, etc.,

Hassocks

ERNEST GREEN

The Future of World Population

Sir,—Mr. C. B. Goodhart's talk, 'The Future of World Population', (THE LISTENER, February 7) was both interesting and highly stimulating. I should like, however, to suggest that there are several serious weaknesses in his argument.

(1) In arguing that the more fertile strains of the Irish population emigrated Mr. Goodhart observed, '... it was likely that the more virile young men and the more highly sexed girls ... will have gone abroad'. But one must not equate sexuality with fecundity. A woman may delight in the company of men and in intercourse with them: yet may not be able to bear them any children. Indeed there was a point in Mr. Goodhart's talk where he seemed to suggest that the more talented element in the population (and there would in fact seem to be a connection between sexual potency and artistic and

intellectual accomplishment) come from stock which is of low fecundity.

Moreover, if infertility is often a concomitant of sexuality, then the fact that 'there is something curious and unexplained happening to our human fecundity' (in western Europe) may partly be attributed to the existence of a large number of 'superfluous' women: for it seems reasonable to assume that those women with greater 'sex-appeal' (and lower fertility) married themselves off to the men who were available—and in many cases found themselves unable to produce a family. The 'plain' woman who did not find herself a husband—or perhaps because of her lack of sexual appetite did not try very hard—could in many cases have produced a numerous family.

(2) Surprisingly, Mr. Goodhart seemed to ignore the effect of malnutrition on the fertility rate. Suppose, for example, that an Indian peasant has a family of three, while his more fertile neighbour, working the same area of land, produces six children (all of whom survive to marriageable age): suppose, too, that the first family has been adequately fed (because there are fewer of them) and the second has been kept near starvation level: it would seem to follow that although each of the three children of the first peasant is *potentially* less fertile than those of his neighbour, this lesser potentiality will be realised to the full on account of his (or her) better physical condition. Conversely, each of the six children of the second peasant *ought* to produce a large family, but because of prolonged undernourishment will not in fact always do so.

(3) Mr. Goodhart concluded his talk with a paradox: 'Falling numbers through improved conditions'. But surely, though it may be true that the *proportion* of families of high potential fertility to those of low potential fertility will be reduced, the *actual* increase of population will still increase at an alarming rate—especially if, on account of better environmental conditions, the potential fertility of those children of fertile parents is realised to the full.

In conclusion, Mr. Goodhart's talk was a very interesting one, but if it gives rise to any complacency in this matter much harm may be done. In other words, we cannot afford to hope optimistically that Nature will do our thinking for us. We must have a policy—and in one form or another that policy will have to be based on deliberate family limitation.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, S.1

VICTOR COWAN

Minds and Machines

Sir,—May I briefly reply to Dr. Macqueen's letter (THE LISTENER, February 7).

I would claim a great deal more for science than Dr. Macqueen would claim. Certainly science is more than a collection of special techniques, and is able to help in the 'more important crises of life', as is becoming increasingly obvious. Science, for me, is a method of acquiring well-validated information and the systematic use of that information in all aspects of our life. This is, however, too complicated a matter to deal with briefly.

The comment on the relation of the heart and blood oxygen to thinking, demands a reply that would contain what Dr. Macqueen would call a 'loaded' word. The fact that two variables may vary together in time does not lead us to

say that one necessarily causes the other; this I would have thought was sufficiently obvious. Such reasoning is not at the foundation of the behaviourist's view of brain functioning.

Finally, to say 'I think' may be more familiar than 'my brain thinks', and certainly the word 'my' offers a linguistic problem of a kind, but a much greater problem is raised by the word 'I'.

Yours, etc.,

University of Bristol

F. H. GEORGE

A Hero of Modern Judaism

Sir,—I read with great interest the talk 'A Hero of Modern Judaism' by the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews in THE LISTENER of January 31. I was a prisoner at Theresienstadt at the same time as Dr. Leo Baeck. I nursed there in a hospital which Dr. Baeck visited often, and I remember his kindness and selflessness.

But the date of the death sentence passed on Dr. Baeck, cited from an article in the *Synagogue Review*, does not seem accurate. If memory serves me, for four to six weeks just before the liberation, Theresienstadt was taken over by the Red Cross. Death sentences were then not passed, far less carried out.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.7

FREDA SINGER

What Is Religion About?

Sir,—Two years ago, when I broadcast on 'Morals without Religion', indignant bishops deplored the 'low intellectual level' of my arguments, and assured the faithful that they had been 'answered again and again'. But, strangely, they did not say what the answers were.

Professor Ritchie is now using the same technique. He cannot refute my original point, nor divert me from it by references to Antigone; so as a last resort he writes what he justly describes as 'a rude letter', and refers angrily to my 'elementary blunders'—blunders, he says, that are unfortunately not of a kind that can be corrected in the pages of THE LISTENER. It is quite like old times.

Mr. Cary starts too many hares for me to pursue at this stage of the correspondence, but I must briefly record my dissent from his view that human altruism proves the existence of a God. There is no more ground for believing this than for believing that human selfishness proves the existence of a Devil.

Yours, etc.,

Aberdeen

MARGARET KNIGHT

[This correspondence is now closed: EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

The 'Modernity' of William Walton

Sir,—I was very much interested by Mr. Mitchell's article (THE LISTENER, February 7) and by the passages quoted by him from Dr. Adorno. But there are two questions that they have both left unanswered.

(1) Is a composer writing—presumably with his tongue in his cheek—the kind of music against which his education and natural taste revolt likely to achieve results of any real value?

(2) Are *angst* and a 'modern conscience' the only valuable stimuli for creative work?

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

PHILIP RADCLIFFE

Just one stamp

One postage stamp will suffice to bring you further information about any number of *THE LISTENER* holiday and travel announcements.

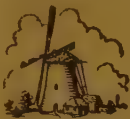
Please address your letter or postcard to the Advertisement Department, *THE LISTENER*, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1. Your enquiries will be forwarded to the individual advertisers concerned.

TULIP TIME TOURS

to the beautiful Dutch

bulb fields

Plan your Spring holiday now—A Lisind Tour through Holland. You'll see those glorious multi-coloured tulip fields stretching for mile upon mile. You'll pass beside the picturesque canals. And you'll visit those wonderfully mellow ancient cities that the Dutch Masters painted in days gone by. Such wonderful value! 5-Day Tours at very reasonable fully inclusive prices begin in April and continue through May. Rail/Sea or Air London/Hague/London. Hotel accommodation with full board. Transfers between Station or Air Terminal and Hotel.



Apply: **LISSONE-LINDEMAN (London) LTD.**

(Dept. L.1), 25, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Tel.: TRAlfagar 1522

FELLOWSHIP HOLIDAYS ABROAD

This summer The Holiday Fellowship offers 51 holidays abroad, from the Arctic Circle to the Mediterranean (and many more holidays in Britain), where friendly groups spend their days exploring the countryside and towns, and meeting the local people. Make your holiday more than a holiday—make it an unforgettable experience with a Fellowship group, whether you come with friends or a family, or as an individual. Full details are in the free illustrated booklet **HOLIDAYS ABROAD** from Room 42.

THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP
142 GREAT NORTH WAY : NENDON
LONDON NW4

Tel.: SUNnyhill 3381 (six lines)



TWO POPULAR Summer Cruises

to LISBON
PALMA
(Majorca)
GIBRALTA
VIGO



by T.S.S. "NEPTUNIA"
Sailing from SOUTHAMPTON
19 JULY 3 AUGUST
10 days from £55

SEE YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT who will help you. See him now! Good Agents know that offers like these GREEK LINE summer cruises get snapped up quickly.

GREEK LINE

28 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1. REG. 4141



Off to the Continent?

Then choose the *always* reliable way and relax en route, knowing the exact time of your departure, eating and drinking in spacious comfort, booking right through to your destination. Whether it is a business trip or a holiday, you owe it to yourself to be free of travel-worry.

BRITISH RAILWAYS

CROSS-CHANNEL SERVICES

Dependable daily Services are maintained all the year round with choice of several routes.

Services and fares from principal Travel Agencies, or the
CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE • VICTORIA STATION • LONDON SW1
or BRITISH RAILWAYS TRAVEL CENTRE • LOWER REGENT STREET SW1



SUMMER HOLIDAYS

A few of the thousands available at

PICKFORDS

TRAVEL SERVICE

205, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

Telephone: HOLborn 7081

AND BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE TOWNS

CONTINENTAL CRUISES ON LAND

SWISS RIVIERA 12 days 29 Gns.

BASQUE COAST OF SPAIN

12 days 29 Gns.

PARIS, BRUSSELS, AMSTER-

DAM 8 days 32 Gns.

SIX COUNTRIES TOUR

12 days 33 Gns.

SPAIN & FRANCE

14 days 39 Gns.

SEVEN COUNTRIES TOUR

15 days 43 Gns.

"GRAND EUROPEAN" TOUR

28 days 119 Gns.

CHEAPER HOLIDAYS BY AIR

AUSTRIA 9 days from £29. 11. 0d.

ITALY 9 " " £36. 18. 0d.

SPAIN 15 " " £47. 10. 0d.

"ALL-IN-PRICE" HOLIDAYS

ABROAD

PARIS 5 days from £12. 15. 0d.

BELGIUM 8 " " £14. 10. 0d.

HOLLAND 8 " " £17. 13. 0d.

NORWAY 8 " " £19. 16. 0d.

SPAIN 8 " " £22. 10. 0d.

SWEDEN 10 " " £36. 9. 0d.

Do not delay in sending for a free illustrated colour brochure applicable to your kind of holiday

BUXTON

Beautiful Derbyshire Spa

- invigorating holiday
- comfortable hotels
- tourist & shopping centre
- family entertainment

SEND FOR TOWN GUIDE NOW!

To: R. A. Lockwood, Publicity Dept.
BUXTON

Name

Address

BE SURE TO COME BY TRAIN



Trouble-free travel by

TOUROPA

Express Couchette Trains

With wonderful holidays in Touropa's fascinating resorts at most economical prices:—

11-day escorted Tours from London

THE RHINELAND from only £20. 12. 6

AUSTRIAN TYROL " " £24. 15. 0

BAVARIA " " £23. 12. 6

Write for free illustrated programme:—

LISSONE-LINDEMAN (London) LTD.

(DEPT. TR.L.), 25, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

TRA 1522



GOING ABROAD THIS YEAR?

Language Problem Solved

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved. The Pelman Method is enabling thousands of men and women to learn languages without translation. By the Pelman system you learn French in French, German in German, Spanish in Spanish, and Italian in Italian. English is not used at all.

The method is explained in four little books, one for each language. Send for the book that interests you and it will be sent you, together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free. **WELbeck 1411**

—POST THIS COUPON TODAY—

Pelman Languages Institute.
82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street,
London, W.1

Please send details of Pelman method of learning:—French, German, Spanish, Italian.
(Cross out three of these)

Name

Address

'All That Fall'

Sir,—When I read the letter from Miss Freda Hawtrey in *THE LISTENER* of January 31 I was sure that the next week you would publish a letter that refuted her interpretation of one of the most important points of the play—the accident on the railway. However, no such letter has appeared, and since my radio was being rather selective about the passages which should be clearly audible during the performance of the play, I may be mistaken; but I had quite understood that Dan's reason for trying to drive the boy away who followed him and Maddy from the station, and the reason for the demoniac laughter that greets the words 'The Lord upholdeth all that fall', were due to the fact that the Rooneys had had a child who had also been killed in a railway accident.

Hence the reason for Dan carrying a child's ball—he said that it was something he always had by him, implying that he had been in the habit of carrying it for some time. His reluctance to admit at first that it belonged to him was due to the presence of his wife who presumably did not know that he carried such a reminder of his child's death. Again, at the beginning of the play, did not Maddy talk of a child that had died, and of how old the child would be had she lived?

If I am correct over the facts of this 'crisis' (Miss Hawtrey's word) then the tragedy—whether or not pity is the dominant theme—becomes more readily explicable in the bitter reminder which Dan and Maddy have had of their own loss and of the falsity of the idea of a beneficent God. It is also quite possible that Dan was in some way responsible for the death of his own child; his actions would still be quite explicable.

But if we take Miss Hawtrey's view we are left with too many awkward questions. How, for instance, did he kill the child? Being blind, how could he ensure there were no witnesses? As Maddy did not know of this crime why should she laugh so bitterly at the words 'The Lord upholdeth ...'?

Yours, etc.,

Nazeing

MICHAEL WACE

The Beauty of Money

Sir,—M. Pierre Schneider in his talk on 'The Beauty of Money' (*THE LISTENER*, February 7) mentions that Sweden was the first country to start the use of paper money, as an act of faith, in 1661, apart from Chinese banknotes issued many centuries previously. But the leather coinage, improvised by the Emperor Frederick II as an emergency war measure during the siege of Faenza in 1241, was the ancestor of paper money in Europe without gold backing.

These coins were stamped like the golden augustales, but made of leather, and were used for payment to his troops, as the Emperor had run short of cash in his campaigns against the Papal States. But Frederick's prestige and credit stood so high that everywhere the new currency was honoured, and the confidence was justified, for later on in better days it was all redeemed. In this, as in so many other ways, Frederick II proved himself intellectually many hundred years ahead of his contemporaries.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

A. E. EGERTON

Queen Elizabeth I's Dilemma

Sir,—In the talk 'New Light on Queen Elizabeth I's Dilemma' (*THE LISTENER*, January 24) Sir John Neale proceeds to diffuse much muddled darkness. It is absurd special pleading to say that 'Burghley and Walsingham, starting with respect for legal dependencies, were driven by the stark, preposterous facts of the situation to imitate the utterly ruthless methods

of their enemies'. Burghley and Walsingham owed their success to the fact that they could give points in ruthlessness to their enemies.

Nor, strictly, was the Babington Plot even 'discovered'. We know now that it was initiated by Burghley and Walsingham, and Babington was framed. To say: 'I do not think that any dispassionate historian today can question the truth of the verdict, though, of course, it remains a moot point whether a foreign sovereign was amenable to English Law' is worse than tendentious. As Elizabeth I knew perfectly well, a foreign sovereign was not amenable to English Law. On the other hand, in spite of all their efforts to do so, Burghley and Walsingham were unable to adduce any evidence that Mary was party to a plot to murder Elizabeth: and no such evidence has ever yet been forthcoming. From internal evidence, it seems very improbable for, unlike her cousin, Mary was a woman of principle, and her character can be judged by the great number of authentic letters of hers that have survived.

Victorian historians may have had their faults, but they were seldom silly. They generally recognised Elizabeth for what she was, lecherous, vain, cruel, and dishonest: and evidence for this exists in letters written and signed by herself (unlike the 'Casket Letters' imputed to Mary which were never seen by anyone except those who had every reason to forge them). We may mitigate her responsibility by saying that Elizabeth came from a bad home and kept bad company: it is merely silly to pretend that she was other than a vicious character.

Because we now have another Elizabeth on the throne certain writers seem to be tumbling over themselves—surely quite unnecessarily—to whitewash Elizabeth I. (It almost seems to be forgotten that our present Queen is descended not from Elizabeth but from Mary!) But surely we have reached the ultimate absurdity when we find Sir John Neale telling us that Elizabeth tried to do the decent thing by having Mary murdered. Even the new evidence of Elizabeth's designs does no more than amplify what was already known. As for the speeches that Sir John quotes with apparent approval: 'Absalom must perish lest Israel perish' was echoed at a much earlier date when some equally corrupt, or hysterical, politicians sought to justify the crucifixion.—Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh GEORGE SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

Remembering Gerard Manley Hopkins

Sir,—In *THE LISTENER* of January 24 there is a talk on Gerard Manley Hopkins by Mr. Lance Sieveking with a mention of Edward Hodges Baily, R.A., sculptor born at Bristol 1788, died at Holloway 1867 (not the gaol!).

Edward Hodges Baily was the grandson of Henry Baily of Calston, Calne, and son of Henry Baily who moved to Bristol and was a carver of ship figure heads. Mr. Sieveking spells his name with an 'e', which is not correct.

In the reign of Elizabeth Dr. Walter Baily (b. 1529 d. 1592), who was physician to the Queen, assumed the spelling adopted by his father Henry Baily from various other styles, i.e., Bayley, Bailie, Bailey, etc., and from that time the family has been known by that appellation. Francis Baily, the astronomer, was also a member of this family.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

BERTHA BAILY

Children's Books

Sir,—In his letter in *THE LISTENER* of January 17, Mr. George Speaight disputed my remark made in a broadcast talk about children's books that Mr. Belch, the early nineteenth-century publisher of many such books, also sold juvenile dramas and tinsel pictures.

I have now investigated the well-authenticated sources of my information leading to this remark and find that they can neither be proved nor disproved, as the collection of books and pictures concerned is no longer in this country. In the absence of such proof I must, therefore, accept Mr. Speaight's correction.

Yours, etc.,

Shipley

BERTHA LONSDALE

Old Wagons of Worcestershire

Sir,—May I comment on the letter from Mr. Ibbotson of Bury in *THE LISTENER* of January 31?

The series of model farm wagons of the English and Welsh counties were made about 1936 by H. R. Waiting from careful studies and drawings of actual vehicles. They are to a scale of one-eighth full size and are constructed exactly as real wagons.

Possibly Mr. Ibbotson's visit was made before the installation of discreet but efficient lighting which enables visitors to study the other interesting and valuable exhibits in the Great Garret, which include a series of early hobby horses and bicycles, odometers or way-wisers, and children's perambulators and go-carts. The collections here, though arranged in an unusual manner, contain large numbers of by-gones, which but for the efforts of that great collector—the late Charles Wade—who gave the house and its collections to the National Trust, might have found their way on to bonfires kindled by ignorant owners of the past.—Yours, etc.,

Snowhill Manor

H. W. MAXWELL

Nr. Broadway

Curator

White or Brown Bread?

Sir,—Further to Dr. Magnus Pyke's talk 'White or Brown Bread?' on the Third Programme and the reprint of this talk in *THE LISTENER* of January 31, I would like to point out that the reference to my father being a teetotaler and an anti-vaccinationist is quite irrelevant and appears to me as an attempt to discredit his views on wholemeal bread. Unlike Dr. Pyke, he was a Doctor of Medicine and these views were arrived at as a result of his medical knowledge and were confirmed by over thirty years of experience with hundreds of thousands of patients all over the country and many other parts of the world.

If preferring one's basic foodstuff—bread—to be made in as pure and natural a form as possible is cranky, then I suppose my father and I can be labelled cranks. If it is cranky to prefer to obtain my vitamins in their natural form rather than to have them removed and replaced by synthetics, then I am afraid I am still a crank.—Yours, etc.,

West Wickham

C. P. ALLINSON

Cake Making with Wholemeal Flour

Sir,—I was interested to read Miss Ann Hardy's remarks on the use of wholemeal flour in cake and pastry making.

It is true that coarse-ground wholemeal flour, as used in bread making, cannot be used successfully for light or spongy cakes. I have for years now used a stone-ground, compost-grown, fine wheatmeal brown flour, which is excellent for all kinds of cakes, puddings and pastry. The pastry is specially good, having a delicious nutty flavour.

I use Barbados sugar in all my cooking, and even with this, which is so much heavier and moister than caster sugar, have no difficulty at all in making all kinds of cakes, including sponges. We find white-flour, white-sugar cakes have a very insipid taste in comparison.

Yours, etc.,

Dedham

JUDITH C. LOSHAK

Art

Round the London Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

AMONG Lord Haig's paintings at the Redfern Gallery are some landscapes of great charm which show that he has by now developed a genuine originality of vision. 'Paris: The Seine in October' and 'Church Row, Hampstead' are more or less in the *fauve* tradition and not especially original in style, but the values are sharply observed and nowhere does the simplification of forms appear to be the result of using an artistic convention but rather a fresh and spontaneous reaction to the scene. Lord Haig is the reverse of a laborious painter and it is only to be expected that he should miss as well as hit; some more than usually acute reaction to the actual scene accompanied by a rapid felicity of execution appears to be necessary if he is to do his best work, and where he depends on imagination alone, as in 'The Fairy Cave: "Thomas the Rhymer"', he becomes diffuse and vague. In his paintings at the same gallery Mr. Stephen Bone has gained more confidence and freedom. His larger landscapes are, perhaps, too tight and methodical for their scale, but in smaller works like 'Ashorne, Warwickshire' he no longer relies on patient craftsmanship but lays on his paint with more freshness and ease. Also at the Redfern are the rather large abstractions of Mr. F. Avray Tipping, which are on the whole most successful when least strident and in general are apt to achieve effectiveness at the expense of subtlety.



'The Tweed from Clintmains—II', by Earl Haig, from the exhibition at the Redfern Gallery

M. Marc Janson, a young Belgian artist of the school of Paris whose works are shown for the first time in London at Roland, Browne and Delbanco's Gallery, practises a kind of impressionist abstraction. He reduces views of rocks or water, each seen under some special and momentary effect of light, to a design of more or less rectangular patches of thickly applied colour. An effect of space, atmosphere and light is retained, but all the forms of the landscape are completely transformed; as a result these paintings are evocative and romantic, and they are also thoroughly professional in execution. Mr. Josef Herman's recent drawings at the same gallery recapitulate once more his individual and selective view of the peasant as a being invariably made heavy by the weight of his toil. Like nearly all artists who attempt this theme he does not try to be detached in his observation; if he were so he would surely admit as much or almost as much variety in this as in any other class of person—but at any rate what is conventional and generalised in his vision does suit extremely well his formal preferences and the character of his design.

M. Guy Colomer, whose paintings are on view at the Lefevre Gallery, uses with proficiency and ease the style of the younger French realists but he does not apply it to the usual themes of this school. Comedians, conjurers, or showmen are his main subject and almost inevitably, in view of the specialised character of modern realism, he illustrates the sadness of the clown, the pathos of the popular entertainer; in mood rather than style his paintings introduce one to the same world as that

of Picasso's blue period. The youth in 'L'Oiseau Mort' seems to be about to burst into tears as he holds up the corpse, and it is with precisely the same wry expression on his face that the magician takes the rabbit out of the hat. Nevertheless, Mr. Colomer's colour is lighter and rather more vivacious than that of most of his contemporaries.

It would be easier, it may be felt, to judge the merit of Miss Mary Kessel's work (at the Leicester Galleries) if she applied paint to canvas with a brush and then left it alone. As it is she concocts an artificial delicacy of texture by using a great variety of devices, and though one may admire her obvious skill and genuine tact, her paintings leave the impression that she is practising something more in the nature of an applied than a fine art. But perhaps, after all, such an effect is not out of place in her modest art of gently evocative hints. The lattice work of wires, rails and girders which constitutes so much modern landscape is the principal theme of Mr. Preston Goddard's watercolours and paintings at the same gallery, and he is even able to discover an agreeable arabesque in the lines of a railway junction. He draws with a fine and spidery line and there is certainly some originality in his vision of the modern world. Mr. R. V. Pitchforth's watercolours are almost as atmospheric and insubstantial as Chinese landscapes and much of his work exploits the greys and blues of a distant view. But he

is also able, with the aid of some such motive as boats in the foreground, to introduce a sudden note of bright colour without interrupting the general scheme of values.

Mr. Harold Cohen's abstract or very nearly abstract paintings at the Gimpel Fils Gallery seem to derive from a study of the later works of Cézanne, and his drawings are even nearer to the master's art. His handling of paint has great delicacy, and it is remarkable how much substance eventually appears in his shimmering and kaleidoscopic designs. Mr. Hubert Dalwood's sculpture at the same gallery is of the kind which archaeologists are apt to describe as rude, and in the right context they might well be thought to be the emblems of a palaeolithic fertility cult. But he does succeed in producing an ingenious and remarkable design by combining thin and spiky forms in legs and arms with the swollen forms of the bodies of his figures. Mr. Alfred Daniels' paintings, at the Zwemmer Gallery, are amusing compositions of proletarian figures in snack bars, trams, or streets, and Mr. Allin Braund shows paintings of expressionist character in the same room.

Among recent publications are *The Wisdom of Winston Churchill*, being a selection of Aphorisms, Reflections, Precepts, Maxims, Epigrams, Paradoxes and Opinions from his Parliamentary and Public Speeches, 1900-1955, edited by F. B. Czarnomski (Allen and Unwin, 25s.); *The Bedside Guardian 5*, a selection from the *Manchester Guardian* 1955-1956, with a foreword by Ivor Brown and cartoons by Low (Collins, 13s. 6d.); and *Theatre 1955-1956* by Ivor Brown (Max Reinhardt, 21s.).

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments 1584.

1601. By J. E. Neale. Cape. 30s.

WITH THIS BOOK Sir John Neale completes his history of the Elizabethan parliament. The work of some forty years has reached its goal. The young scholar who so brilliantly analysed the Commons' Journals and the struggle over freedom of speech has matured into the comprehensive, judicious, often mellow analyst and commentator on forty-five years of stormy parliamentary history. If no historian that ever lived has yet succeeded in silencing criticism and forestalling revision, if even so concentrated and devoted a labour cannot for all time satisfy the searching and captious mind of man, it is nonetheless true that here emerges a remarkable and memorable achievement.

The present volume describes the last six of Elizabeth's thirteen parliaments. The story starts in the much disturbed sessions which preluded, witnessed and remembered the notorious crises of the reign—the death of Mary Queen of Scots and the passing of the Armada. It chronicles the heyday and the decline of puritanism as a political movement in the sixteenth century and ends on a less heroic note with new men and more mundane problems causing less fundamental trouble to the great queen. Sir John shows beyond doubt that the traditionally stormy last parliaments were in reality less obstinately difficult and less firmly concerned with fundamental principles than such hitherto less regarded assemblies as those of 1584 or 1587; he thus opens up interesting questions for the reign of James I.

The main impression left with the reader is one of vast additions to knowledge, gathered together from a variety of difficult sources and made into a most convincing whole. Sir John has in effect rediscovered great issues and great men who were nearly or quite forgotten. These 'parliament-men'—Wentworth and Fitzwilliam and Morrice, Coke and Yelverton and Heneage—will stand comparison with any of their successors; both opposition and government produced politicians well worth our acquaintance. Christopher Hatton surprisingly emerges as a really great parliamentarian; Bacon's ability, if not his character, shows up in a clear light. Sir John is impressed by Raleigh, and though one feels that his ascription of a 'new' rationalism to Raleigh's speeches owes more to general notions of the man than to the passages quoted, one shares his liking. And always there is the Queen, with her remarkable speeches which do not require Sir John's frequent apologies. One may hesitate to follow him in his devotion to her judgement and skill; one may doubt the miraculous nature of her hold, stressed too often to serve as an explanation; but compared with the measure of agreement which he commands the doubts and hesitations are not significant.

Sir John Neale has great narrative skill: the story flows on with force and often with excitement. But it cannot be denied that it is long, that some details hold the attention less than others, and that often enough one feels inclined to jib at some point of interpretation. Though economic issues occur frequently they cannot be fully grasped because economic factors are insufficiently explored; the basic problem of inflation is not even mentioned. The reader is bewildered rather than helped by the description of puritanism as a subversive underground movement familiar to our day: the fact that many of Sir John's parallels are reasonably relevant only obscures what was particular and unique about

the movement's inspiration. Nor can the author quite make up his mind about puritanism as a political problem: he appreciates its danger and understands the Queen's implacable hostility, but he is clearly taken with those difficult men of principle and entirely fails to do justice to Whitgift and the Church. In consequence, when puritanism ceases to play an active part after 1593, he is content with wonder and contempt rather than searching investigation. The narrative form has its disadvantages: as one reads, the analysis of the Commons, made two books back, grows dim and insubstantial because the author has done little to lock the two treatments together. He apparently holds that this makes for easier reading and understanding; but on this point it is possible to dissent.

Yet those who miss the analytical historian and sigh for the author of 'The Commons' Privilege of Freedom of Speech' or *The Elizabethan House of Commons* may do well to remember that proof of such ability was there given and that the pure narrative of these pages is deliberate and justifies itself in the solid picture it creates. Because much of Sir John's work has already been absorbed at least by students of the period it is no longer easy to remember how revolutionary his impact on Elizabethan studies has been. This book, oversetting some traditional views of antiquity and force, offers a useful reminder. Perhaps it is the best tribute to this dedicated scholar's achievement that those now passing along the way made smooth by him have little idea how changed the landscape is.

Newman: Prose and Poetry. Selected by

Geoffrey Tillotson. Hart-Davis. 30s.

John Henry Newman: Autobiographical Writings. Edited by Henry Tristram.

Sheed and Ward. 18s.

Newman now joins his peers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Arnold, and the rest, in the handsome and convenient Reynard Library. What to put in and what to leave out, these are difficult questions when we survey the work of a writer so many-sided as Newman. Two works included by Professor Tillotson select themselves: the *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education* and the *Apologia* (here given in the pruned and shortened second edition). Plainly there had to be something to illustrate the virtues of Newman's polemical style, and we are given 'The Tamworth Reading Room'—an excellent choice, though one wonders if the 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk' might not have been of more general interest, even though stylistically it may be slightly inferior. Certainly the 'Letter' contains nothing quite so splendidly savage as: 'Such is this new art of living, offered to the labouring classes—we will say, for instance, in a severe winter, snow on the ground, glass falling, bread rising, coal at 20d. the cwt., and no work'. (It leaps to the eye that Arnold learned much from Newman; and Professor Tillotson tells us that of the four passages from Newman in Arnold's notebooks three are from 'The Tamworth Reading Room'.)

We are as well given four sermons, all from the Anglican period; some of the letters, including the wonderful one to Monsignor Talbot; a selection from the verse, including, of course, 'The Dream of Gerontius'; and *Loss and Gain*. This last, exquisite as some of its passages are, is scarcely worth the space it occupies. Professor Tillotson should either have given us the *Grammar of Assent*—this side of

Newman, as Professor Tillotson himself recognises, is here represented only by one of the *University Sermons*—or a richer selection from the occasional writings. All the same, the selection is a tempting one. Those to whom Newman is a fresh experience are to be envied.

Father Henry Tristram had, before his death, prepared a complete and unexpurgated edition of Newman's autobiographical writings, and this we are now given, with some additional editorial work by Father Stephen Dessain. All students of Newman must be grateful for the enlightened policy of the Birmingham Oratory in publishing all he wrote as he wrote it. The writings are deeply interesting, notably the 'Early Journals'. There are no 'revelations', though no doubt a certain kind of writer will find it portentously significant that Newman cut out of the manuscript a reference to his having suffered from piles during the Sicilian illness of 1833.

Reptiles. By Angus d'A. Bellairs.

Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

The Reptile World. By Clifford H. Pope.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 50s.

Reptiles, and especially snakes, seem to have a strange fascination for those who are not naturalists—many a visitor to a zoo asks to see the reptiles, and then recoils in real or unconsciously simulated horror when shown them. These two books amply demonstrate how foolish such an unreasoning attitude is, and what interesting subjects the reptiles are for serious study or casual contemplation. The books are to a large extent complementary, and between them they will give the reader a real understanding of the history and biology of the reptiles.

Dr. Bellairs' book is the more technical of the two, and deals with the evolution, structure, functions, and life history of reptiles, both living and extinct. The earlier chapters are concerned mainly with the general features of reptilian anatomy and physiology, and the later ones describe the various major groups with special emphasis on the adaptation of reptiles to different kinds of environment, and on the means by which they survive and earn their living. The numerous extinct forms of reptiles, known by their fossils, far exceed the living ones in numbers, and the author includes interesting accounts of the extinct groups, the study of which is so important for an understanding of the evolution of the living ones, and of the birds and mammals. In the course of their history the reptiles have become adapted for life in nearly all environments offered by the surface of the earth; only the tundra and the icy polar regions, the tops of high mountains and the depths of oceans and lakes have remained inaccessible to them.

Mr. Pope's book, though less technical, is no less accurate. It discusses the reptiles of the world and particularly those of the New World, although it does not neglect the others. The number of different snakes and lizards is so great that it would be out of the question to mention a tithe of them in a book of this size; in smaller groups such as the crocodiles or the turtles it is possible to be much more comprehensive. Mr. Pope gives general chapters on each of the groups—the crocodiles, the tuatara, the turtles, the snakes, and the lizards—and adds detailed chapters describing a large number of species and their natural history. The numerous photographic illustrations are a special feature of the volume, and besides giving portraits of many beautiful and interesting creatures they show



An artist's impression of the new G.E.C.-Simon-Carves nuclear power station being built for the South of Scotland Electricity Board.

CAREERS for ENGINEERS and SCIENTISTS

in the GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Exciting new fields in the expanding activities of the G.E.C. have been opened up by the award of a contract to the G.E.C.-Simon-Carves Atomic Energy Group to build the world's largest atomic power station.

Nuclear engineering is but the latest of many interesting applications of science to engineering to which the Company has contributed substantially—electronics,

radio and television, telecommunications, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, applied physics, metallurgy.

The G.E.C. offers every opportunity for progressive careers in all these developing spheres. Staff appointments as well as comprehensive training schemes leading to appointments are available.

For further information please write to:

THE CONTROLLER, EDUCATION & PERSONNEL SERVICES,

G.E.C.

The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Survey of International Affairs 1939-46

★ ★ ★

The War and the Neutrals

EDITED BY ARNOLD AND VERONICA M. TOYNBEE

This volume of the war-time *Survey* relates the chief events in neutral states during the war, and attempts to make clear their concept of neutrality, the difficulties they experienced, and to assess the significance to the belligerents of their neutral status. 50s. net

Four-Power Control in Germany and Austria 1945-6

MICHAEL BALFOUR AND JOHN MAIR

'... a valuable documentary record of the first two years of Allied occupation...' TERENCE PRITTIE in the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN* 48s. net

Survey of International Affairs 1953

PETER CALVOCORESSI, assisted by CORAL BELL 48s. net

Documents on International Affairs 1953

Selected and edited by DENISE FOLLIOT 57s. 6d. net

'In many ways this last is also the best of Mr Calvocoressi's volumes. It is commendably short and both well planned and well written.... The well-edited volume of *Documents* is not only an essential and invaluable companion to the *Survey*, but can well stand on its own.' *TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

Published Today

D.C. Somervell's ABRIDGEMENT of Volumes VII-X

A STUDY OF HISTORY by Arnold J. Toynbee

This second volume completes the abridgement of Dr Toynbee's great work. The two books now form an invaluable conspectus of the whole of the vast field covered by the original, presenting the main substance of his argument in a readily assimilable form.

25s. net

Abridgement of Volumes I-VI 30s. net

The Challenge of Change

LAURENCE THOMPSON

Foreword by H. R. H. The Duke of Edinburgh

'... Mr Thompson's brilliant and racy description of what the Duke of Edinburgh's Conference was all about.'

ENGINEERING

'... an exciting book, full of common sense.' *OXFORD MAIL* Paper covers, 5s. net

Uncertainties and other Poems

JOHN PRESS

'One of the most remarkable first books of verse for many years.... The "uncertainties" are those of a large part of contemporary humanity; the assured, powerful, if as yet insufficiently varied, verse is that of an embryo young master.' KENNETH YOUNG in the *DAILY TELEGRAPH* 10s. 6d. net

★ ★ ★

The Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden

LOUIS I. BREDVOLD

Studies in some aspects of seventeenth-century thought. 9s. 6d. net

The Writer and his Craft

EDITED BY ROY W. COWDEN

Twenty lectures to the Young Writer. 9s. 6d. net (for THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS)

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

several dramatic aspects of herpetology. The electronic flash technique has been used to analyse the action of a rattlesnake when striking at a victim with its poison fangs. The victim used for obtaining the photographs is a rubber balloon, and the variations in the way of making the lightning strike are well brought out. Other series of action photographs show the strange wrestling matches or combat dances of rival male red diamond rattlesnakes and pine snakes, and the extraordinary gait of the weird American basilisk running at high speed on its hind legs.

The text is as good as the pictures, and is a treasury of interesting natural history that whets the appetite for an even larger and more comprehensive book; who would not wish to know more of the giant leathery turtle, so unlike all its relations? This enormous creature, that reaches a weight of three quarters of a ton, is believed to live on jelly fish; it breeds, as far as is known, only on a few remote beaches of Ceylon and Malaya, and yet it has been found in all the warm and temperate seas of the world—it has even been caught on the coasts of the British Isles. And what of the little-known legless worm-lizards of warm countries that look and move like gigantic earth-worms? There is practically no information about their habits and way of life—they are inconspicuous animals that live in inconspicuous places and mind their own business. Yet the fossil record shows that they have flourished without much change for some fifty million years.

Mr. Pope not only tells us much that few of us knew, but explodes some of the cherished 'facts' that we thought we knew. For example there is, alas! no scientific confirmation for the existence of the hoop snake that has so often been seen, in the rye whiskey and applejack regions of the United States, bowling rapidly along the road with its tail in its mouth like a wheel without spokes.

English Country Houses: Mid-Georgian, 1760-1800. By Christopher Hussey. Country Life. £6 6s.

The appearance of the second of Mr. Christopher Hussey's three volumes devoted to our Georgian country houses is extremely welcome. Although, as in the earlier volume, some of the photographs (of which there are over five hundred in all) are familiar from the late Avray Tipping's *English Homes*, this is essentially a new book, on a subject about which, thanks to such scholars as Mr. John Summerson, Mr. James Lees-Milne, Mr. Howard Colvin, and not least Mr. Hussey himself, we now know a great deal more than we did when Tipping was writing a generation ago.

The descriptions of the houses are briefer than Avray Tipping's, but in many ways the better for being less discursive. And instead of only twenty-one houses for the whole of George III's reign, we now have accounts of twenty-nine houses for the forty years up to 1800, with the promise of another volume to carry the story forward to the beginning of the Victorian age. Among well-known houses included here but not described in Tipping's volume are Kedleston, Newby, and Harewood.

In a brilliant introductory essay, Mr. Hussey takes up again the thesis which he advanced in his first volume, namely that the appeal of Georgian architecture, and its special quality, resides in the assimilation of classical discipline to our native romanticism. Variety has always been valued in England at least as much as order: at some periods, in fact, to excess. It was one of the virtues of the Georgian architects and their patrons that they cared for order too, cared for it passionately, yet without the pedantry which is sometimes in evidence on the Continent.

Our finest architect in the period under review was, without question, Robert Adam, even though some of the magic went out of his work after about 1770. Mr. Hussey sees Adam as by nature a Romantic, who, by hard work and the generating power of a lively ambition, mastered and indeed extended the Classical vocabulary, and so arrived at a Classic-Romantic synthesis, to which, at Syon especially, he gave masterly expression. Both as a planner and as an interior decorator Adam is in the foremost rank of British architects: it is a misfortune that he should so seldom have been given the chance of designing a house *de novo*, for in the final assessment of Adam one leg of the stool is missing. Such exteriors as he has left us are not, as works of art, up to the standard of his planning and decoration: in this volume there are only Mersham-le-Hatch, which the client, Sir Wyndham Knatchbull, particularly wished to be 'kept entirely plain' (as it certainly was), and the south front of Kedleston, which derives almost too obviously from a Roman triumphal arch.

It is, however, one of the virtues of Mr. Hussey's treatment of his subject that Adam is not segregated from his contemporaries, but integrated with them: for even such a masterpiece as Wyatt's hall at Heveningham stems largely from Adam, despite the younger architect's disavowal. Houses by Adam's jealous rival Chambers are scarce, and the only example by him in this book, Peper Harow, supports Mr. Hussey's view that Chambers was 'a fastidious but visually dull designer'. (The 'casino' on Lord Charlemont's old estate at Marino, outside Dublin, is an exception: this brilliant little miniature is a *tour de force*.) Far finer than Peper Harow is Berrington Hall in Herefordshire, a not very well known house by Henry Holland, in which Mr. Hussey makes the interesting suggestion that Soane's hand may also be detected; Soane was an assistant in Holland's office until 1778, the year in which the house was designed.

Following on from the description of Strawberry Hill in the first volume, we also have in this book Arbury Hall, the best of all the Gothic houses, and Payne Knight's Downton Castle, which is Greek within and Gothic without, and a remarkable example of Picturesque theories put into practice. Knight held that he thereby got the best of both worlds, since a Greek interior was undoubtedly more elegant, while a Gothic castle looked more congenial to a Herefordshire hillside: but the problem of the windows admitted of no satisfactory solution.

William Blake's *Vala*. Edited by H. M. Margoliouth. Oxford. 42s.

The Letters of William Blake. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Hart-Davis. 50s.

Vala is that 'Dream of Nine Nights' which, inspired (if only formally) by Young's *Night Thoughts*, was begun about 1797 and became a major poetic preoccupation of Blake's maturity. It was to undergo continual revision, with a slow transformation of scope and meaning, ending in the work we now know as *The Four Zoas*. Here for the first time we are given the text, as far as it can be determined, of the poem as originally completed. This task of editorial re-constitution—made possible, fortunately, by the fact that Blake carefully numbered the lines of *Vala* before proceeding, in later years, to alter and re-draft—has been carried out with a skill, tact and understanding worthy of all praise. The result is not only the first but surely the definitive edition of a major work of Blake in its original state. This vision of the 'Death and Judgement of the Eternal Man' proves to be a giant fresco in the poet's most

consistent style, unflagging in pace and exuberance.

Blake seems to confront most of his editors with a difficult choice between over-interpretation and non-commitment. Mr. Margoliouth is, rightly, for the poem as a work of imagination in the first—and last—place. What Blake means by the poem is the poem, and we should at least begin to read the Prophetic Books as we would read Kafka or the Arabian Nights. To attempt to disentangle a system of meaning from the symbols is to risk being involved in the sticky toils of Urizen's mantle:

Wherever he traveled, a dire Web
Follow'd behind him as the Web of a Spider
dusky and cold
Shivring across from Vortex to Vortex.

The editor's notes on the meaning and content of the poem are almost invariably helpful, illuminating without intervening. Above all he is to be thanked for giving us the text as it stands in Blake's script, without the punctuation and correction which obscures so much more than it simplifies. Blake needs the same consideration in this respect as Milton. Here we can read his poem as it came under his hand, with that feeling of the poet's breath on the page which gives it life.

Blake's letters certainly deserved the monumental presentation which Sir Geoffrey Keynes has now given them—though the unpublished material here added is small in amount, and of minor interest. But it is of some interest to tot up the account between Linnell and Blake for the Job illustrations—including payments in coals as well as cash. Letters from Hayley and Butts and the documents of the Chichester trial are rightly included, since they illuminate the phenomenon of Blake in a way that nothing else can. Completely in and of his time as he was, in a sense, his mind and work describe a pure trajectory from it. Butts' genteel doggerel (in a letter of September, 1800) is instantly answered by Blake's famous letter-poem which, while even more obviously doggerel in a formal sense, dazzles by its transcending purity of vision. The later letters to Hayley suggest a Blake who was 'in the mill, with slaves', and one may wonder whether the missing ones, to the same correspondent, are much of a loss.

Both volumes are illustrated with mostly unpublished reproductions. That of Linnell's portrait, painted on ivory, which heads the *Letters*, gives a stronger conviction of living likeness than any other. It is possible to disagree with Sir Geoffrey's opinion of some of his other choices. For all its banality of subject the 'Mal-evolence', painted for Trusler, is remarkably vigorous and delicate, whereas the late 'Ugolino' displays the too-fearful symmetry which was Blake's obsessive vice as a designer.

King Richard II. Edited by Peter Ure. Methuen. Arden Edition. 18s.

The 'New Arden' edition of Shakespeare goes quietly on its useful way. It is sometimes objected that it falls between two stools, not being comprehensive enough for the advanced scholar, yet too heavily loaded with editorial matter, sometimes of an unprofitable kind, for the ordinary reader. There is some justice in the objection, but since many readers, particularly students, cannot escape exercising themselves in the intervening space, the edition is for them indispensable.

The 'New Arden' seems to be now the proper description, since the original notion of 'revision' has evidently been abandoned. The editor of one of the early volumes of the new edition, *Antony and Cleopatra*, did revise Case's admirable work—though even here his own comments often made one wish that he

NOW EVERY RECORD BUYER CAN HAVE SELECTIVITY!

The choice of a particular piece of recorded music can be extremely hazardous even for the most erudite enthusiast. This choice becomes even more difficult when a piece has been recorded by two or three companies, played by various orchestras and soloists. Faults, sometimes in the playing or in the recording, are not always immediately obvious. It may take two or three playings to detect them and by that time the record may have been purchased.

This is where 'selectivity' helps the record buyer, in the shape of *The Monthly Letter*. For 10/- per year (post free) this independent and frank review of new recordings will be sent to his home every month by EMG.

Read below what *The Monthly Letter* can do for you and is already doing for thousands of enthusiasts, then send a postcard today with your order or for a Free specimen copy. We will waste no time in seeing that you have your first copy.

- This is 'The Monthly Letter'
- *The Monthly Letter* is published each month by EMG Handmade Gramophones. It gives an independent and very frank review on every new classical record published.
- The reviews are concise but very down-to-earth and every record is graded so that the reader can tell at a glance if the recording will suit his particular equipment.
- Here indeed is the key to selectivity in record buying.

EMG Handmade Gramophones Ltd.,
6 Newman Street, London, W.1



THE LIFE OF HILAIRE BELLOC

Robert Speaight

'He has captured and fixed one of the most complex, contradictory and brilliant characters ever to thunder, rumble, flash and explode across this astonishing world of ours.'

Lord Stanley of Alderley in the "SUNDAY TIMES"

'A fine achievement; dramatic yet detached, it moves with the tempestuous rhythm of Belloc's own life. Mr. Speaight has put the whole pugnacious genius of the man into these 550 pages.'

John Raymond in the "NEWS CHRONICLE"

'As a work of literary art, this life seems to me quite first-class.'

D. W. Brogan in the "SPECTATOR"

Illustrated

552 pages

30s. net

HOLLIS & CARTER

BRAUN PRINTS



"Portrait of Madame Z" by Picasso

Braun Prints are large-size colour reproductions of high quality obtainable from all good print sellers. The range of over 150 prints includes reproductions of paintings by

Braque Gauguin Pissarro
Cézanne van Gogh Renoir
Chagall Matisse Seurat
Degas Manet Sisley
Derain Monet Utrillo
Dufy Picasso Vlaminck

A NEW BOOKLET ILLUSTRATING
ALL BRAUN PRINTS CAN BE
OBTAINED AT 1/3 (post free) FROM

THE PALLAS GALLERY LTD.
28b, Albemarle St., London, W.1

It's the range



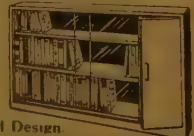
UNIX Sectional bookcases pioneered the unit principle in bookhousing. Today, after nearly three decades, they still lead the field and are



When you need a bookcase remember the PHOENIX name. Here you have the range: cases sectional or self-contained; with or without glass; with compartments for records, magazines, reference and outside books, cases with built-in cupboards. You have also long experience and a cabinet-made job from a firm with its own works. Since we supply direct from the bench you pay reasonable prices, too.

Coupon or a card brings our 24-page catalogue, brim-full of ideas for furnishing. If you like, walk in and look at Phoenix bookcases at Charing Cross.

Right: Phoenix-Plus 3-shelf, glass-fronted case with roomy cupboard. Solid oak or Nigerian cedar; choice of finish. Approved by the Council of Industrial Design.



Phoenix
To THE PHOENIX BOOKCASE GALLERY
(Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.) TEM 0525
(Dept. G), 36a St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2
Without obligation, please send me your
24-page Bookcase Catalogue.

NAME

ADDRESS

CANCER—

is it a disease of civilisation?

As cancer is known to have existed thousands of years ago, it is obviously *not* a disease of civilisation. It is not even specific to man, let alone civilised man—for it is also found in animals.

Since 1923, when the British Empire Cancer Campaign was formed to promote cancer research, more has been learned about this dread disease than ever before. Thousands of cases can now be successfully treated. But the basic problems remain. What is the *cause* of cancer? How can cancer be prevented?

The answers to these vital questions will ultimately be found. Cancer *must* yield its secret. And with your support it will do so more quickly. Please give some money, however little, to help finance costly cancer research. We ask for Legacies; and for cheques, notes, postal orders, stamps. Please address to Sir Charles Lidbury, Hon. Treasurer, British Empire Cancer Campaign (Dept. LS8) 11 Grosvenor Crescent, London, SW1, or give to your Local Committee.

**BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER
CAMPAIGN**

Patron: Her Majesty the Queen President: H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester

THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

We can supply all

Books reviewed

or advertised in

The Listener or

any other publication

Join the
QUALITY BOOK CLUB!

Members buy best-selling
Books (published at 10/6,
12/6, and more) for ONLY
4/-. Write today for details.

119-125
CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (20 lines)

Open 9-6 (Thurs. 9-7)

Two minutes from Tottenham
Court Road Station

had been less modest, and one wonders whether he will as readily accept Hart on 'Othello'. The rest have paid little more than lip-service to their predecessors; and with 'Richard II' Mr. Ure explicitly disclaims any relation to the original editor except that of occasional 'consultation'.

Mr. Ure has produced a thoroughly painstaking and workmanlike edition, but with too much attention to sources and kindred topics, and too little to the play as a play. Of the 70 pages of introduction 16 are occupied with a well balanced examination of the problems of the text, and 27 with an able discussion of sources, including 5 on the garden scene and 6 on the rival claims of Berners' *Froissart* and *Woodstock* as sources for the character of John of Gaunt. Surely the dramatic value of the scene, and what Shakespeare made of Gaunt, are of primary, and the sources on which he possibly relied of quite secondary, importance. There are then 21 very interesting pages on Richard's character. But of the play as a play, a piece of dramatic workmanship, there is hardly a word. The same balance, or lack of it, is observable in the notes. In Acts I and III between a quarter and a fifth of the space allotted to notes is occupied with 'material', and this preoccupation with sources leads to a failure to gloss a number of words (e.g. 'mortal', 'beadsmen', 'inclination', 'intelligence', 'set of beads') which need glossing, while a number more, of which the modern reader may easily miss the full Elizabethan force, are glossed either not at all or inadequately (e.g. 'disfigured', 'shrewd', 'discontented', 'jades'). But on the whole the student will find in this edition all that he needs, even if he also finds a good deal that he feels he might have been spared.

As to the printing of the text, Mr. Ure says 'Punctuation is, of course, modernised'. Why 'of course', seeing that, as Mr. Ure admits, 'an inevitable degree of falsification' is thereby entailed? But if the punctuation is to be modernised, why not regularise the contracted forms? The modern reader, finding before him two successive lines, one from the gardener's man and one from the gardener, given as

Man: What, think you the king shall be deposed?

Gard.: Depress'd he is already, and depos'd... inevitably supposes that the man, however improbably, gives the *ed* its full value and the gardener does not.

Man, Culture and Society. Edited by Harry L. Shapiro. Oxford. 45s.

Dr. Shapiro has gathered round him a galaxy of learned stars, each of whom has contributed a chapter to this book on man and his origins, on his material and immaterial culture, and on various aspects of human society. One of the particular merits of the book is that the contributors argue their case rather than make dogmatic assertions. They all point to gaps in our knowledge, to the provisional nature of their hypotheses, and, where relevant, they discuss methods of investigation.

Dr. Shapiro traces the ancestry of man, then follows a chapter by H. L. Movius on the Old Stone Age, as uncompromising in its bare outline as the flints he describes. Professor Gordon Childe on the Neolithic 'revolution' is as readable as ever, and we pass on to the story of copper, bronze and iron. Thence to the New World and its early cultures, a chapter of particular interest to the English reader. Margaret Mead has edited an article by Ruth Benedict on the 'Growth of Culture', which is included among the chapters on language and writing, inventions, cultural change and the nature of culture itself. After that come chapters on social groupings, religion, primitive economics, and Robert Redfield on 'How Human Society

Operates'. This group is introduced by a contribution on the family by Professor Lévy-Strauss, perhaps the most interesting in the book, in which he gives a brief outline of his theory of the function of the family, which he has already expounded in a vast work on that subject. For Professor Lévy-Strauss the outstanding feature of the family is not that it provides for sexual intercourse, for procreation, for the care of children and for economic subsistence, but rather in the limitations placed by marriage laws on the choice of partner. This ensures that groups of kin do not remain isolated, but are forced to form alliances with other groups. In all the many forms the conjugal unit takes, what is important is the social recognition given to some unions and not to others. The 'in-laws' have come into their own at last.

The Amazing Oscar Hammerstein

By Vincent Sheean.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 25s.

The first and more famous Oscar Hammerstein was an American (German-born) impresario, forgotten now except for his connection with the great artists he 'produced' in the States. There is no evidence in this illuminating book that he ever increased their stature as artists, merely the size of their (and his) banking accounts. Well, that is something. He might be remembered in London still, for in 1911 he built the London Opera House, now the Stoll Theatre, in its peculiar elegance a perfect memorial to the man. The names connected with his career are indeed magnificent: Marie Lloyd, Houdini, Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Garden, Tetrassini, Melba, to quote only those on the book's jacket.

Hammerstein's character was quite simple. He was a plain go-getter. Quarrelsome, egocentric, heedless of other people's humanity (his own family's included), a gambler with their lives as well as with his own cash, he comes out of it all an unattractive figure. And the picture given here is undoubtedly fair. It is, one is forced to believe, a true account of a disagreeable life. Mr. Sheean has done his work devastatingly well. There are many tales of Hammerstein's quick dealings. One may be worth giving again. His London venture proved a failure. So he cabled one of his sons to come over and mop up the mess. Then he went back to America and left Arthur to face the music. It makes goose-flesh reading. After that a few years of bickering decay and then the wonderful climax, the funeral at which McCormack chose to sing 'The Lost Chord'. Mr. Sheean finds this 'both characteristic and appropriate'. Few will disagree.

The Monmouth Episode. By Bryan Little. Werner Laurie. 25s.

Monmouth's singularly ill-timed invasion was meant to be more than an episode. He hoped for support from all over the British Isles—but Ireland stayed quiet, and in Scotland Argyll's anticipatory efforts were quickly frustrated. In England only the west saw serious action. This is the region that Mr. Bryan Little knows and loves the best, and his understanding of it gives his book its peculiar, though limited, merits. Confidently, but without elegance or economy of expression, he delineates the natural and architectural background to the western events of the summer and autumn of 1685, and out of an embarrassment of conflicting evidence constructs a satisfying chronicle. His account of the military movements, reinforced as it is by some clear maps, is unlikely to be superseded, but the rebels themselves, notably the leaders, elude him. Lord Grey, for instance, though in fact an egregious actor in the conduct and counsels of the rising, is here a shadowy figure. A poor

reproduction of a portrait by Lely (c. 1675) is no substitute for a consideration of his physical, mental and moral characteristics. Nothing is said of his long-term political associations. We can find these elsewhere, but Mr. Little claims to be dealing with the rebellion in *all* (his italics) its aspects. Nowhere does he comment on the suggestion that prospects of a slump played as large a part as a craving for conventicles in rallying the clothing workers under the protestant pretender's sea-green flag. He gives only the lightest consideration to the structure of politics in the sixteen-eighties, and does not even mention that the parliament that so promptly attainted Monmouth was solidly Tory. Only incidentally, and to some extent indirectly through his bibliography and full references, does he help the reader who looks for the larger issues behind the regional events. His book certainly cannot be ignored, for it contains much that is new and stimulating, but it is hardly a definitive assessment of 'the Monmouth episode'.

Modest Mussorgsky. His Life and Works

By M. D. Calvocoressi. Rockliff. 42s.

To have known the author of this important definitive study of Mussorgsky was manifestly to find oneself the richer for an experience at once charming, as only the finer human contacts are, and intellectually stimulating. The testimony of Calvocoressi's friends, many of them possessed of keen minds not easily charmed, tells that tale unmistakably. Even a casual acquaintanceship left one with an impression of warming kindness to a younger man plus an eager, nervous penetration of whatever subject was uppermost at the moment and a disarming forbearance. Inevitably one speaks of him first when reviewing this book which was his great, almost legendary, work and one regrets his not being able to share the honours that come as his posthumous due, now that the volume has at last appeared. He has gone as far as anyone will be able to go until new material is made available, in elucidating the tangled history of Mussorgsky's music, of the opera 'Boris Godunov' in particular.

It is noticeable that he is less successful in unravelling the threads of passion and appetite that were woven into the pattern of Mussorgsky's psychology and moved his wayward spirit from point to point until it finally disintegrated. Doubtless Calvocoressi felt that his competence there was insufficient and was thus far wiser to confine detailed study to the music. But Mussorgsky's sexual ambivalence is none the less pivotal in his development as a creative artist and it cannot be ignored. The author makes some attempt to account for the complexities in Mussorgsky's psychology but leaves the matter vague and seems curiously unwilling to allow the possibility of any fundamental influence from the man's psychological conflict affecting his creative work. The matter is undoubtedly important, but in suggesting that Calvocoressi has made too little of it a reviewer is in danger of giving it too great a prominence.

But the music is the thing and he treats that admirably. And he is fair; purist that he is he is fair even to Rimsky-Korsakov whose well-intentioned labours on Mussorgsky's ill-constructed music (as he thought it) are a stumbling-block to the general run of enthusiasts. But Rimsky-Korsakov was neither a knave nor a fool and it is only right that his dealings with Mussorgsky's work should be put in proper perspective. Calvocoressi speaks with authority on these matters and indeed on all that has to do with Mussorgsky's music and the cultural and social background against which, thanks to this book, we now can see the fine qualities in his profoundly personal art and gauge the magnitude of his achievement.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

All Manner of Men

A FORTNIGHT AGO the screen was infested by birds; last week they gave place to wingless bipeds. 'Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?' chose an animal for its theme, and the animal was Man. Professor C. von Furer-Haimendorf of the School of Oriental and African Studies faced an ethnologist, an anthropologist, and a professor of anatomy, Glyn Daniel acting as chairman, with a series of human types, most of them in living form, a few of them in photographs—men or women from New Guinea, Nepal, Brazil, Nigeria, India, Thailand, and elsewhere. All the live ones were chosen from among his friends and students.

The job of the three scientists was to identify the race and country of the specimens, and they were hard put to it to do so. But what gave the programme its unique quality was the specimens themselves, each strikingly individual and as different from each other as could be. Each wore a cloak in case his or her dress should help in identification, and in due course they removed the cloak to aid detection. In many cases both person and dress were of extraordinary beauty and one and all showed a vivacity of expression and a natural dignity and self-possession which were delightful to behold. A Sherpa from Nepal, to take one example, who had spent several years in a Buddhist monastery in Tibet, had more animation and humour in his eyes alone than the whole pack of serious-minded young Conservatives



Cruft's Dog Show: two of the entries televised on February 8: a Maltese terrier, winner of the Toy class; and (below) an Afghan hound



John Curs

displayed in all their faces, movements, and speech put together. The film 'Come Our Way' was a party political broadcast produced by the Conservative Central Office. I can't believe that it persuaded a single waverer to take the turning suggested, but it is possible, even probable, that similar programmes presented by the Liberal or Labour Parties would affect me in precisely the same way.

An even more violent contrast was offered by 'Home Is Kentucky', a 'Report from America' programme. The very word Kentucky has a warm, hospitable, human sound, and I had hoped and expected to be shown its homes, people, mountains, rivers, caves, in fact to be given a memorable visual impression; but visibility was almost entirely confined to motor traffic, deadly straight and featureless motor-roads, and one or two official rooms in which eminent persons—the Governor, the Judge, and one or two other authorities—were questioned by Joseph Harsch and responded in the lifeless and stilted language of the text-book. Once we saw the inside of a pub where a small party of men at a table gave a well-drilled performance of 'My Old Kentucky Home'. It is a pleasant tune, but when repeated over and over again to punctuate incidents throughout the programme it became—how could it not?—desolatingly tedious. In the longest half-hour in my experience the programme gave me a bagful of information and not the vaguest impression, human or visual, of the State itself.

My interest in humanity was restored by 'Unknown India', a film record of a richly adventurous exploration made by a pair of Frenchmen, Pierre Rambach and a friend, into remote parts of southern India. Their object was to visit the earliest Hindu temples and study the religious ceremonies of various communities and their domestic habits. Not all of these communities were attractive or friendly; some were even repellent and alarming, but at least the reactions they roused in me had nothing negative about them; my emotions were constantly stirred and the glimpses of ancient temples and the wildly impressive country were enthralling.

An hour later we returned to the West, in fact to a West of England B.B.C. studio, to hear a conversation between Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke (Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the late war and, as such, Churchill's right-hand man), Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks, H. R. Trevor-Roper, and Cyril Ray. The theme was Lord Alanbrooke's diaries, written up nightly from 1939 onwards, which are to be published next Monday in an edition edited by Sir Arthur Bryant under the title *The Turn of the Tide*. Sir Brian drew from Lord Alanbrooke some delightful and sometimes amusing reminiscences of Churchill, and a shrewd estimate of Stalin, whom he had met several times as a man and a soldier. Mr. Trevor-Roper and Mr. Ray, by well-chosen questions about the conduct of the war, provoked detailed and extraordinarily interesting replies. Lord Alanbrooke speaks with a precision, a directness, and a single-minded absorption in what he is talking about which are not only impressive but convincing. One accepts his authority with warm respect and complete confidence.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Making History

LATELY I have been reminded of the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival companies of 1946 and 1947. At the Memorial Theatre then one could have seen Paul Scofield, in early blaze; Douglas Seale, since celebrated as a director of the Shakespearean histories; Daphne Slater, television's recent Jane Eyre, who has just acted a haunting Viola at the Nottingham Playhouse; John Harrison, for five years the Nottingham director; and Donald Sinden, now a film actor of credit and renown. There were others; this is enough to show how the young players would be making current stage history.

During one of those Festivals, John Harrison and Donald Sinden spoke, with a rapt beauty, the Dirge in 'Cymbeline'. Today, for all Mr.



Miss Nancy Mitford 'At Home' in Paris on February 6

Sinden's film success, he remains (in one mind) a youth beside the body of Imogen-Fidele. So with certain other artists: memory vaults back to earlier years. James Mason, for me, has never been a film actor, but the intense young Claudio of the Vic's 'Measure for Measure' in 1933. It is curious that the two actors I have met so far in Robert Sherwood's 'The Road to Rome' have been Mr. Mason at the lost Embassy Theatre—which creeps insidiously into my articles—and now Mr. Sinden in the television revival on Sunday night. Until the play turns up again, I shall walk in placid content along my own Mason-Sinden Line.

Not that Hannibal is an exceptional part. The dramatist has given most of the work to Amytis, the one-woman peace delegation. Hannibal, having triumphed at Cannae, has merely to sit—more or less—in gold, his eye red as 'twould burn Rome (true, that was another general), and to persuade us that he would allow a woman's will to turn him, his Carthaginians, his Spaniards, and his Gauls, from the city gates. If a Hannibal can indeed persuade us that this is profoundly reasonable, he is a hypnotist. Mr. Sinden, a very good actor, has not studied hypnotism.

History is not made like that, and certainly the second Punic War was not. Still, Robert Sherwood, far from writing history, offered simply an attack on war, and the emptier heroics, in the guise of a high comedy. At its heart is the colloquy between the beautiful half-Greek wife of Fabius Maximus (we have only the drama-



Scene from 'Marjolaine', a play about the Resistance movement in a French village during the war, on February 7



The first episode of 'Kenilworth' on February 8, with (left to right) Anthony Newlands as Richard Varney, Ann Firbank as Amy Robsart, and Robin Bailey as Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester

tist's word for her existence) and the young general encamped before the eternal city, Roman lights twinkling in the distance, and African elephants waiting below. (Hal Burton, who produced and designed the revival with an excellent lack of fuss, would not let us see the elephants, not a trunk, not a hoof.)

The colloquy is now less urgent than it used to seem. We know too well that Amytis (in the mood of 'Would you be wise, ye cities, fly from war') is bound to conquer, and that even the good sense of her speeches is a little frayed with repetition. But Barbara Murray spoke with a nice poise; throughout, she kept us aware of the woman's sometimes exasperating wit, just as Mr. Sinden assured us that his Hannibal was a soldier and, moreover, an intelligent one, not a man to be swayed by a Beautiful Stranger. 'You have me, have you not?' said Polonius on another occasion. Possibly, at this stage, it is just being tiresome not to thank Mr. Sherwood for having us.

Still, we can thank him genuinely for the supple contrivance of his first act at the villa of Fabius Maximus. It was hard to dislike the pompous fellow. I wanted to stroke Clive Morton (a toga is hardly his wear) when Fabius the Dictator, saying 'Yes, Mother, these are trying times', trundled in like an amiably rolling bear. Fabius, as a Roman, was clearly very proud of his *gravitas*. He was the kind of man capable of saying that he had been Accorded Some Measure of Recognition; even so, it was difficult to blame Mr. Morton when he said it. Amytis—murmuring casually, 'Oh, isn't that nice!'—has always appeared to be a young woman, most useful as a stage heroine, who, in life, would drive one to foaming frenzy. I cannot imagine (in spite of the dramatist's lame effort at explanation) how the marriage was ever fixed up. It is possible to sympathise a little with the mother-in-law Fabia, a marmoreal matron who would have had the cosiest of chats with Volumnia about blood on the brow, and large cicatrices. On Sunday Dorothy Green kept a stiff upper lip.

Though it may now be a dimming play, it can fill an evening with acceptance. Mr. Burton saw that it looked and sounded well; and Mr. Sinden will be

my Hannibal (with that 'irritating habit of winning victories') until some other general halts at the gates of Rome. He will not be alarmed if I continue to think of him as that Arviragus from long ago.

'There's more than enough history to go round', says Hannibal in effect. Undeniably there is on television. Our new serial, 'Kenilworth', filleted by Vincent Tilsley, brings on the Robsart story. As a fervent man-about-Scott I welcome this. We are hardly there yet, for the first instalment had to be plain exposition, with Robin Bailey, Ann Firbank, and Anthony Newlands establishing Leicester, Amy, and Varney, and doing so without disaster. Meanwhile, gratitude for a swift duel and some pleasant tushing. Amy is in her 'lonely grove, immured in shameful privacy'. Elizabeth's shadow looms.

'Aunt Mary', a Canadian one-act play, was a pointless fragment; the Polish dancers, vigorous and young, patterned the screen so pleasantly that one sighed for colour; and Movie Museum's 'A Dash through the Clouds' was an early aerial drama I can call merely kinda cute. Mabel Normand, heroine in the air, seemed to know she was making history.

J. C. TREWIN



Donald Sinden as Hannibal and Barbara Murray as Amytis in 'The Road to Rome' on February 10

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Free Spirits

SOME WEEKS AGO I purchased a packet of stamped postcards to cope with correspondence arising from this column, which would soon be making alarming inroads on my writing time. I still have eleven of them. But I had two letters, all told. One from an actor I had carpingly described as 'capable', enquiring my terms for teaching him his trade. The other, from a Mount Pleasant address, was unpleasant about my intention to spend space on Samuel Beckett. I sought vicarious satisfaction in studying 'Letters to the Editor'. I have not had much success in dropping casually in conversation a remark on 'cultural uproar in Japan'. But my wife looked thoughtful when I said something not picked up in my own kitchen about stewing pears. Here is the Home Service production of Jean Anouilh's 'Antigone' and where am I? Should she be walled up alive as a regrettable red herring (pace Mrs. Knight) or unceasingly unearthed as a logical landmark (Professor Ritchie's very own Unburying Beetle)? Or perhaps she should be Exhibit A in 'Six Virtues for Authors—Audacity'?

Antigone's is a myth we make over to suit ourselves. Occupied Paris suspected this Creon of making collaboration creditable. Then they decided that it was neither *pièce rose* nor *pièce noir* but *pièce de Résistance*, Gaul against Gaul. After the Liberation, when 'tension between constraint and clandestinity suddenly vanished', Parisian pleasure in the play declined. 'It was now necessary to sympathise with "Antigone" by an intellectual effort, whereas formerly one had been in a conspiracy with it'.

The Oliviers' 'Antigone' established Anouilh in the West End, since when he has never been far away. In the lambent light of later demonstrations that it is grander to be blooming well dead we now see more surely that when he wrote 'Antigone' M. Anouilh was indeed 'immersed in his work... cared nothing for politics'. 'Antigone' is Anouilh as always. It is a far, far better thing to die young and untainted than

to be dyed with the world's slow stain. That was this author's Lark-song, too.

It is also now apparent that 'Antigone' is M. Anouilh's best play. Instead of painting Innocence and Experience white and black, he swaps colours. Creon's patient, sympathetic pleading is set against Antigone's arrogant intractability. His point I take to be that personalities don't make a blind bit of difference. Let Youth be stripped of glamour—Antigone is touchingly tempted to become her pretty, pliable sister Ismene—and the aedile of expediency be a Prospero pitchforked into politics. What difference does it make? Life is still what it always is, a crucifying choice between the unattainable ideal and the unendurable actuality.

John Gibson's canny casting took the trick before a card was played. Of course Robert Harris must be wonderfully sympathetic, no English Home Secretary ever refused a reprieve with more genuine reluctance. Mary Morris was bound to give us a goading ghoul just asking to be shut up. How right they both were. Only my admiration for Miss Morris' Antigone was qualified by having lately heard her carry on in the same way as the Electras of O'Neill and Giraudoux. I urge a Peg o' my heart part as antidote, the sarcasm is starting to sound queer.

By providing a narrator, the one-man chorus, M. Anouilh made in advance, as it were, his own radio adaptation. Robert Eddison spoke this sensitively, though doom in a dinner-jacket really needs the thin-ice edge of Alec Guinness. In substituting this figure for the Sophoclean Chorus, the playwright strayed into his one serious mistake. If Creon receives Antigone in private no one but the three guards and themselves knows what she has been up to. The obvious middle course between pleading and punishment is to prison her with these men as wardens until Polynices' nasty remains remain no more. Subsequent claims can be discredited as what she would have done but for preventive detention. The fact that the corpse was left to rot will speak for itself. It is too apparent that Creon fails to think of this only because the playwright cannot let him.

Eden Phillpotts gave his heroine too easy an out in 'Jane's Legacy', the West of England contribution to the Light at mid-week. Her £1,000 windfall is the root of all evil. So Providence promptly provides another Jane to take it from her. Mr. Phillpotts' villagers are like cider. Let them stand and they are clear and golden. Shake them and they turn to froth and finally explode. Somerset should not stoop to somersaults. But the West Country voices were a welcome breath of fresh air.

Put to the proof, 'Whisky Galore' was scarcely stronger stuff. Hibernian hiccups might help the Home's 'Against the Wind' campaign, in the spirit of Burns' 'Freedom and whisky gang thegither'. But Compton Mackenzie's staggering saga of 50,000 cases stealthily salvaged from a stranded ship made a dilute dram of drama, a Scotch still life, perhaps, but hardly the Highland Reel I hoped for.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Art and Technology

THE THIRD PROGRAMME—at least in its talks department—doesn't as a general rule like its contributors to step outside the bounds of their particular activity; experts on Norse saga must not wander westwards of Skagerrak, or theologians stray from the fold of religion. When novelists are asked to give talks they are usually kept tactfully to a subject within their competence. It was surprising, and refreshing, last autumn, to see that one of the most intelligent of contemporary American novelists, Mr. Gerald

Sykes, had been invited to give a series of talks on various aspects of technology. During the last two weeks Mr. Sykes has given two more talks, this time on the relationship between technology and politics and art.

Mr. Sykes, as one can tell from such novels as *The Nice American* and *The Centre of the Stage*, has immersed himself in modern, psychological thought, and one of his concerns in these lucid, admirable talks has been to show how much further the psychological discoveries of the last fifty years might be taken in solving some of the most important questions of our age, an age when, as he puts it, 'our survival depends upon greater clarity about the sinister drawbacks to our progress'. He seemed to postulate a kind of extension of the idea of the philosopher-king; government which, by its psychological awareness, fully understands the hidden forces that are always at work in the world, the miscalculation of which is the cause of most of the world's disasters. He pointed to Freud's analysis of communism, written in the nineteen-twenties, as an example of the way in which a great psychologist might have influenced the course of history; so much of Soviet history was then anticipated by Freud—the bloodbaths, and even the onslaught on Stalin. Mr. Sykes did not overplay these claims; what he called 'psychopolitics' would simply put another important technique at our disposal. The main problem would be to get the men at the helm of state to use it.

I found his talk on technology and art even more stimulating, perhaps because, as an artist himself, Mr. Sykes was revealing more of his own deeper preoccupations. Like most American artists he seemed to take the artist's alienation from present-day society rather more for granted than we do in Europe, where the isolation of the individual artist is so much less emphatic, even though society's wish to make art something respectable is perhaps, at the deepest levels, widening the gulf between society and the artist. Mr. Sykes doesn't make it quite clear what aspects of technology he feels have had the most malign effect on art, or who are the artist's greatest enemies—apart from those who scream the word 'decadent' at him and are so often themselves the best exemplars of decadence. I wonder who is the enemy. That quarrel, which was of long standing in fourth-century Greece, between poetry and philosophy, still exists today with 'thought' and 'art' substituted. The artist has his doubts about 'the throng of all-too-sapient heads', the intellectual who is not an artist as well often, in the centre of his being, looks on art as little more than a charming ornament to life. The things that matter come into his province.

In an amusing and graceful talk on the Home Service Mr. David Piper discussed the portraits in the National Portrait Gallery. He made no bones about warning against coming to the Gallery in search of Art. One must come with 'a passion for faces', a delight in seeing the limned image of the great. And alas, for most of its history the Commissioned Portrait has all too rarely risen above the world of the mere *eikon* into the world of art. There are great portraits, of course, and fascinating portraits, and portraits which one loves apart from the interest of the sitter; but when, like the 'Mona Lisa' or Giorgione's 'Col Tempo', they reach the higher forms of art, they cease to be 'portraits'—the deadening hand that offers the commission has quite withdrawn. After hearing this talk I looked at a large number of reproductions of portraits by the greatest artists, and so often the deadening hand is plain. The commission for frescoes in a chapel, even where the subject was specified, did not have at all the same effect; here the full creative energy of the artist is not hampered by such vulgar matters as 'likeness'.

I think it was Sargent who defined the portrait as 'an excellent representation of a person with "just a little something wrong about the mouth"'. One can sometimes sense in Sargent's work something of his irritation with the impositions of portrait painting. But one must agree entirely with Mr. Piper's defence of the portrait in its humdrum form. It is impossible to look on the face of Newton or the life-mask of Blake and not to 'be stirred and excited by them in some degree'.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC

Al Rovescio

TO BEGIN at the end, last week brought to our notice a new composer from Poland, Witold Lutoslawski, whose 'Concerto for Orchestra' showed him to be an accomplished musician. Despite the similarity of title, the Concerto is not a grand *bravura* work for a virtuoso orchestra like Bartók's masterpiece, composed for Kussevitzky or Hindemith's 'Philharmonic Concerto' for the Berlin Orchestra's jubilee. Moreover it does not, as those other orchestral concertos do, adhere to the concertante style, and so justify its title. Composers nowadays are apt to be shy of 'symphony' with its implications of high seriousness and even of moral purpose. But there is still the useful alternative of 'suite' which would, perhaps, better have described Lutoslawski's work.

The 'Concerto for Orchestra' is, none the less, a considerable achievement. It opens with an impressive gesture of the largest sweep, a trifle grandiloquent perhaps, but made with complete conviction. We feel the composer knows exactly where he is going and the subsequent movement does not disappoint. It is at once fresh in manner and readily intelligible. Even more successful is the powerful central part or movement, which is built up on a 'ground' somewhat resembling the 'Storm' *passacaglia* in 'Peter Grimes'. There is the same feeling of impending tragedy and tense conflict. After this the music lapsed into a rather banal and noisy finale that seemed overlong for its content. Still, it is an interesting work well worth hearing twice.

This novelty was produced in a concert of the B.B.C. Orchestra directed by Sir Malcolm Sargent for the Third Programme, and was preceded by a performance of Brahms' Violin Concerto with Johanna Martzy as soloist. The violinist attacked the music with plenty of aplomb and her chord-passages in the opening movement were clean, strong, and rich in tone. If only she had attacked individual notes with the same precision, this would have had the makings of a great performance. But there were far too many scooping *portamenti* and the quick passage-work was apt to degenerate into a slither between two points instead of being a succession of definite notes. And, though Sargent accompanied the soloist sympathetically enough, his handling of the opening of the concerto was singularly lackadaisical, the melody being insufficiently shaped.

On the previous Wednesday the Third began a series of programmes devoted to the music of Máttyás Seiber, who is one of the greatest accessions to creative musical life in England—due to the upheaval of central Europe during the past twenty years. Unlike Reizenstein, whom we considered a fortnight ago, Seiber has not become anglicised. He remains the follower of Kodály and Bartók and, to a less degree, of Schönberg, but with a poetic imagination of his own that makes him a master in his own right. The first programme gave proof of his extraordinary craftsmanship in the First Quartet, a student-work in Kodály's manner but written with an assured command both of the idiom and the medium. This was admirably played by the

Allegri Quartet, whose first violinist and violoncellist played the splendid Sonata da Camera, also early but more Bartókian in derivation. Seiber's mature chamber-music was represented by the Fantasy for flute, horn, and string quartet of 1945—a work of striking imaginative beauty that is not weighed down by its somewhat over-elaborate programme. Two sets of songs—the burlesque 'Morgenstern-Lieder' and 'Four French Folk-songs' with guitar—displayed another side of the composer's varied and original talents. They were, I regret to say, not very well sung by Miss Adèle Leigh, from whom I have heard better performances.

Earlier in the evening the Home Service provided an interesting concert of works by Shostakovich, Bax, and Schumann—none of them masterpieces of the first rank, but all worth

hearing in the capital performances given by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Sargent. Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony, despite some patchiness in its construction and some lapses into commonplace (or Stalinist orthodoxy?), is his most considerable work to date, and Sargent skilfully presented it in the best possible light, making a grand effect, for instance, with the passages for brass. André Gertler gave a sympathetic account of the wayward, but not too diffuse, poetry of Bax's Violin Concerto.

On Tuesday Blomdahl's Chamber Concerto for pianoforte, wood-wind, and percussion failed to sustain the good opinion formed of his music the week before. The honours of this concert conducted by Charles Mackerras were carried off by Bartók's Divertimento for Strings in the teeth of competition from Mozart's Concerto in A

major rather slickly played by Hans Leygraf. Monday evening filled part of the gap, lately noted, between the Plantagenet and Stuart composers for the Church with examples of what was sung in the London churches in that little-explored period between the Reformation and the reign of Mary I. Later, Toscanini was suitably commemorated by the broadcast of his taut, tense performance (on records) of the 'Eroica' Symphony. And on Sunday evening Franz Schreker's 'Der Ferne Klang' was given its first hearing here—some forty years too late. It is romantic opera squalidified, with a characteristically German metaphysical *dénouement*—bad girl turning good and whimsy about her lover recognising 'the far-off sound'. There was some excellent singing, particularly by Helga Pilarczyk.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Orff's 'Carmina Burana'

By SCOTT GODDARD

'Carmina Burana' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, February 20 (Home)

CARL ORFF is a vague phenomenon to the great majority of musicians in this country. That is not unexpected and, taking into account the non-availability of his music over here, it is not altogether our fault. Little of Orff's music has come our way in actual performance; and the one work, his 'Carmina Burana', that we have had an opportunity of hearing more than once is of such an unusual nature as to leave half of us startled to a point of over-excitement, the rest bewildered almost as far as complete boredom, neither state of mind being conducive to clear thinking. Then, too, Orff's scores are, of necessity, expensive for the average student. Altogether it is not to be wondered at that he remains an unknown quantity and an unsolved problem for us.

Orff was born at Munich in 1895. Apparently he started composing early. In a volume of essays issued by Schott there is a photographic reproduction of a page (number 118) of an orchestral work entitled 'Zarathustra' and dated 1912. It would be interesting to see the whole score and by that means to discover whether or not the seventeen-year-old youth already showed the kind of fluency, expressed in terms of repetitive rhythmic patterns and the plainest imaginable harmonic textures, that characterise the 'Carmina Burana'. A single page offers scant evidence, though there is enough to go on to suggest that the young Orff was setting out in this direction. Eight bars of rich Straussian orchestration with woodwind, brass, and probably organ (the thirty-two staves have no designations of instruments) in seemingly slow tempo, filled with a long-held C minor chord followed by a longer chord of C major, plus a back-and-forth rhythmic design that hardly disturbs the static harmony it accompanies: all of that is cast in a style that can be found in the later Orff. 'Zarathustra' is scored for three choral units, large wind sections, organ, pianoforte, harp, percussion, and there also it shows the man in the youth. In 'Carmina Burana' the choral forces are concentrated in one large unit; to the large wind sections are added strings, and the percussion group is much enlarged from that used in 'Zarathustra'.

'Carmina Burana' was Orff's first stage work. It appeared at Frankfurt in 1937, the year after its completion. It is the first of three large choral works, related in style and grouped under the name of 'Trionfi'. The second of the set is the 1942 'Catulli Carmina', the third is 'Trionfo di Afrodite' (1951). A succession of operas, beginning with 'Der Mond' (1938), brings the tale of Orff's compositions in that

domain as far as 1949 when his 'Antigonae' was produced. His early researches into the use of rhythm, as a means of awakening an audience's interest and strengthening their powers of concentration, find their first complete expression in 'Carmina Burana'.

Not the least remarkable aspect of this highly individual work is the text, a set of verses in Latin, German, and French of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries written in the loose, satirical, and passionately indecorous style of the wandering minstrels, the jesters and buffoons called goliards, after their reputed prototype the 'arch poet' Goliard. This set of *cantiones profanae*, Orff's subtitle for his scenic cantata, was discovered in the Monastery of Benediktbeuren in Bavaria during the earlier part of the nineteenth century. From the 200 poems contained in the original manuscript (published in 1847) Orff has chosen twenty-four which, with the repeat of the first song, provide the twenty-five numbers of the cantata, planned in the form of three main sections and a prologue.

The prologue, in two parts, opens *fortissimo* and *pesante* with a bitter denunciation of Fortune, Empress of the World, and the detestable life that comes to humanity from the turning of the wheel of fate. That sets the emotional tone of the cantata while the music, firmly bound to a pedal D and to a single rhythmic formula, foreshadows the general style of the composition.

What now follows is the main corpus of the cantata, each movement rigidly encysted in periods of recurrent rhythm with simply constructed and preponderantly popular-songish melody and diatonic harmony without any attempt at further elaboration. Indeed, the very idea of added ornament and extraneous embellishment is foreign to this music; so that when it does momentarily obtrude, as in the short soprano solo coloratura cadenza which constitutes the twenty-third song, 'Dulcissime', the effect is dramatic and startling.

The three sections after the prologue are firstly of spring and summer: divided into two parts, 'Primo Vere' which consists of two choruses with a baritone solo between, and 'Uf dem Anger' ('On the lawn') which is opened by a dance for orchestra alone. Here the Latin verse gives place to German. It is here that one of the most instantly charming numbers is found, the song 'Chume, chum, geselle min' for small chorus accompanied by a drone of plucked strings with muted horns and a solo flute ritornello.

The next section, 'In Taberna', is a series of drinking songs and others in honour of good

feeding. This section is taken over by the men: the first number a baritone solo, the next two respectively tenor and baritone soli with male voice chorus, the fourth and last for chorus alone.

The final section consists of ten songs in praise of various aspects of love and physical desire, mainly in Latin with a few lines of German and French. A boys' chorus is added to the texture and there are numbers for all three soloists, soprano, tenor and baritone. The section ends, and with it the cantata, with an exact repetition of the opening chorus 'O Fortuna'.

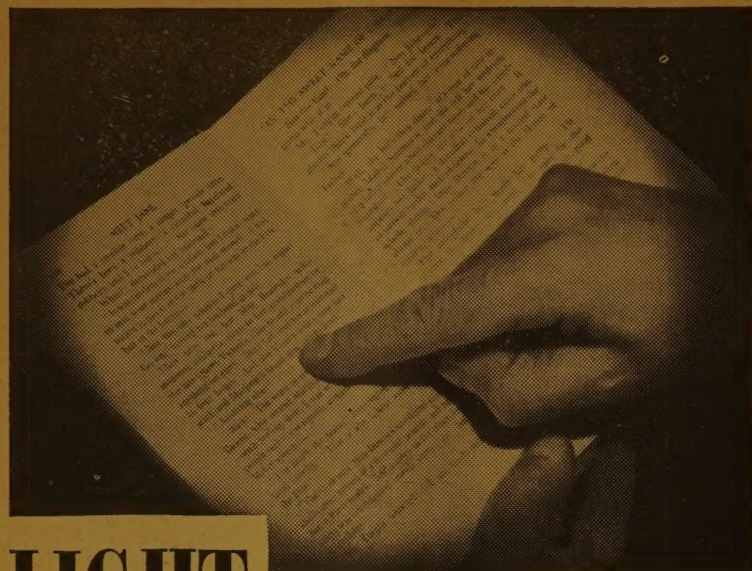
There is about the 'Carmina Burana' a deliberate artlessness and naivety that seem to be directed to the understanding of like-minded persons. Is it, one wonders, meant as music for the masses? If, as appears likely, the intention behind the composing of this work has been to stir audiences, especially, it may be thought, massed audiences, by presenting them with a cantata displayed in a popular, easily assimilated style, the choice of texts must appear singularly obtuse. Who can be expected to understand these goliardic stanzas without intensive preliminary study? Who, even among German listeners, can be expected to feel instantly at home with such lines as these?

*Were diu werlt alle min
vom deme mere unze an den Rin,
des wolt ih mi darben,
daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.*

And who, in any part of the world, would find himself at one with such a mish-mash of medieval Latin and French as this?

*Dies, nox et omnia
michi sunt contraria,
virginum colloquia
me fay planzer,
oy suvenz suspirer,
plu me fay temer.*

A possible answer is that the work is, in the composer's phraseology, a scenic cantata, that is a choral work accompanied by mime and dancing, therefore a stage piece. Whoever has studied pictures of the stage-settings of 'Carmina Burana' will almost certainly conclude that this is the proper, if not the only adequate, style of production for the work; and they will probably be right. On the stage it comes to its finest and most complete fruition. Without going so far as to imply that a concert performance is hardly more than a preparation for a dramatic production, it is manifest that although Carl Orff freely sanctions either type of performance, he has had the stage in mind from the outset.



LIGHT—right where you want it!



That's Anglepoise, beaming its clear light on whatever you're doing... taking any one of 1001 angles at a finger's flick and staying there... doubling reading's delights, making writing sheer pleasure. Needs only a 25 or 40 watt bulb. In Black, Cream, Cream-and-Gold at any electrical shop or stores from 97/7 (or send for booklet No. 32). New additional colours: RED and YELLOW

TERRY
Anglepoise LAMP

Sole Makers:
HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD., Redditch, Worcs.

Regd.
Pat. all countries



can be instantly recognised—so can
HARRIS TWEED
A masterpiece of Man and Nature

Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is a Certification Mark and, as such, has been granted with the approval of the Board of Trade.

THE MARK warrants that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, hand-woven and finished IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES. Beware of imitations.



LOOK FOR THIS MARK
ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL
ON THE GARMENT



Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

INSTITUTE OF
CONTEMPORARY ARTS
17-18 DOVER STREET, W.1
GRO.: 6186

LOST WAX

Metal casting on the Guinea Coast

MARCH 1-31

Daily 10-6 Saturday 10-1
CLOSED SUNDAY

ADMISSION 1/- MEMBERS FREE
Elizabeth Bowen will lecture on
the Novel, Thursday, February 21,
8.15. Members only

Keep in touch with trends in contemporary
art. Apply for details of membership
(Dept. L.) and programme of lectures, dis-
cussions, concerts, poetry, play readings,
Special terms for married couples.

Members' Room. Bar. Reference Library



DENZIL BATCHELOR

will be speaking at 8.25 p.m.
(Home Service Programme)
on Sunday, February 17th
on the work of

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY

(Incorporated by Royal Charter)

55, LEIGHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, S.W.16

● Please listen—and ask your friends to do so, too



'I wish I could draw'

Make that wish come true by means of P.A.S. Postal Courses which teach Drawing in a unique way. It's great fun using a few deft strokes to make your own vivid pictures of people you meet, your pets or scenes by the way. The little sketch above was executed by one of the most famous names in humorous Art, an old pupil of mine. There are P.A.S. Courses in all branches of Art including a wonderful course in Water Colour. Write for full details.

Percy V. Bradshaw, THE PRESS ART SCHOOL LTD.
(Dept. T.L.28) Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.23

how
to write...
Each month, THE
WRITER publishes
new helpful articles
specially designed to
achieve one aim—to enable
you to increase your income by
writing. Benefit, then, from the know-
ledge and experience of experts in
every field of saleable writing. Increase
your income by learning how to write effec-
tively... for magazines and newspapers,
for book publishers, for radio and TV.

FREE Send now for free folder,
"What's In It for You!"

THE WRITER
124, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1

Write after reading
The Writer—
and sell!

...AND SELL!



Extracts from

THE FLYING ROLL

SHOWING HOW TO OBTAIN
REDEMPTION OF THE BODY AND
SALVATION OF ALL SOULS
THROUGH THE SUPREME
SACRIFICE AND OBEDIENCE TO
GOD'S COMMANDS.

Published in Three Books (Sermons
1, 2 and 3), each of over 200 pages and
bound in whole cloth boards at 2s. 6d.
each post free, or the complete Three
Sermons in one Presentation Volume
of over 700 pages bound in whole red
leather, lettered in gold, at 11s. 3d. each,
post free.

APPLY TO PUBLISHERS AT
47, BROOKMEAD AVE.,
BICKLEY, KENT.

Speedhand

is far and away the easiest of all
shorthands to learn, to write and to
read; the reason is that it uses the
ordinary letters of the alphabet.
Speedhand enables every word in
the language to be condensed and
instantly read back, the Speedhand
form indicating the sound of the
English word. Here is a fast, efficient
phonetic shorthand which you are
guaranteed to be able to learn in 20
hours (the "short course" in only
9 hours) without correspondence
lessons. For full particulars of the
new edition of the Speedhand Manual,
and free trial lesson, please write to
THE SCHOOL OF SPEEDHAND
(Dept. L.26) Hills Road, Cambridge

For the Housewife

More Facts Behind the Labels

By ROGER DIPLOCK

I SHOULD like to explain the meaning of two terms which are often seen on labels on wool. They have been in common use for centuries, yet strangely enough neither is fully understood by most shoppers. These two terms are 'woollen' and 'worsted'. Each describes a method of spinning all-wool yarns, and each name is subsequently applied to the cloth which is made from woollen-spun or worsted-spun yarns respectively. In making woollen yarns the wool is gradually drawn out, twisted and spun into a yarn having tangled and crossed fibres within it. The worsted yarn undergoes a different sequence of manufacture which includes the key process of combing by which all short fibres are removed and the longer ones are laid neatly side-by-side in the yarn. These smooth yarns are woven into materials such as men's suiting, while the woollen material, being made from a higgledy-piggledy sort of yarn, is recognised in clothing such as tweeds and in hairy articles such as blankets. Just to confuse the issue somewhat, there are many fabrics which are made from worsted and woollen yarns interwoven. The great point to remember is that a label which bears the one word 'woollen' or 'worsted' can be sewn only on an all-wool article. Where garments and so forth are mainly of wool, but have a mixture of other fibres up to fifty per cent., then these can be described either as blended woollen or blended worsted, according to the type of cloth.

I have found that housewives are often confused about the meaning of Witney blanket. This blanket, of course, has to be made in Witney.

In the old days, it was an all-wool blanket but nowadays many Witney blankets contain only about twenty per cent. of wool. Most of these are now labelled 'fibreblend with wool' to distinguish them from the all-wool Witney blanket which invariably bears the words 'All wool' or 'Pure wool'. If the label on your Witney blanket does not mention any fibre or simply says 'Guaranteed Witney' then you can be sure that the blanket is *not* all wool.

Here are two other names which cause much confusion. The first is 'merino' and the second is 'Botany'. Oddly enough, they both mean precisely the same thing: fine wool from the merino sheep which produces the best wool that can be obtained. Some producers prefer 'Botany' on their labels because 'merino' was misused a good deal in the hosiery trade in the old days when it was applied to cotton and wool blends. But I think those days are over.

Now, the meaning of mothproofing. There is a subtle but important difference between the label 'mothproof' and the label 'mothproofed'. 'Mothproof' implies permanent resistance to damage by moth grubs, whereas the word 'mothproofed' implies only that a proofing agent has been applied. In this case the proofing agent will not necessarily be permanent, and will probably have to be re-applied when your clothing or household goods are washed or dry-cleaned. This is easily done, although you have to pay for the treatment. Permanent mothproofing can be carried out satisfactorily, but it is difficult for the small producer because the treatment is given in the early stages of manufacture.

Incidentally, wool presents the only problem so far as moth damage is concerned, and I am angry when I see rayon carpets and other rayon goods described quite unnecessarily as 'moth-proof'. It would be all very well if they were labelled 'rayon' as well, but this is rarely the case, and the implication is that these goods may be either all wool or at least partly wool.

—'Woman's Hour'

Notes on Contributors

JOHN FREEMAN (page 251): Assistant Editor of *The New Statesman and Nation*

JOHN HARVEY (page 252): M.P. (Conservative) for Walthamstow East since 1955; director of an oil firm

H. T. BETTERIDGE (page 254): Senior Lecturer in German, Glasgow University

A. C. L. DAY (page 255): Reader in Economics, London University

DAVID BUTLER (page 259): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University, and Fellow of Nuffield College; author of *The British General Election of 1955* and *The Electoral System in Britain 1918-51*

DAVID PIPER (page 261): Assistant Keeper, National Portrait Gallery

ERNEST BALDWIN (page 265): Professor of Biochemistry, London University, since 1950; author of *Dynamic Aspects of Biochemistry*, *An Introduction to Comparative Biochemistry*, etc.

G. E. M. ANSCOMBE (page 266): Lecturer in Philosophy, Somerville College, Oxford

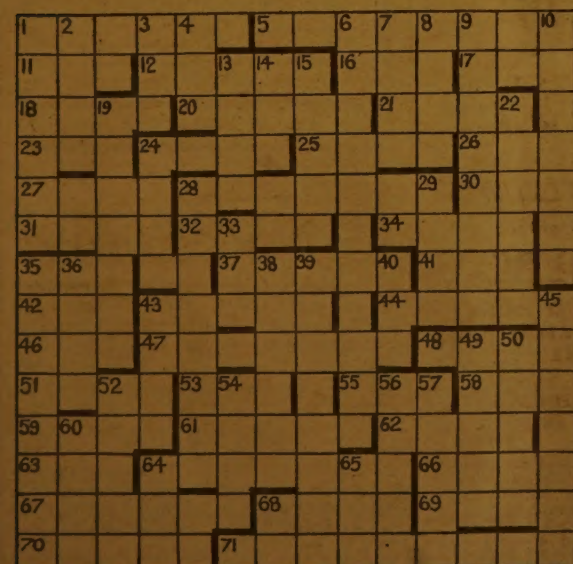
Crossword No. 1,394.

Phases of the Moon.

By ffancy

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



The unclued lights all have something in common.

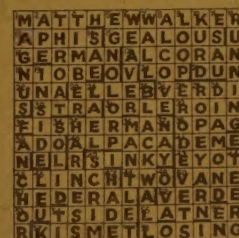
CLUES—ACROSS

11. Was Home Secretary, and nearly Prime Minister (3)
16. 67 starts on a high note (3, hyphenated)
17. Valley going for less than a song (3)
18. Victim of potential arboreal disaster (4)
21. You Russians have it in you to be really beastly (4)
23. Previously seen in an out of date rendering (3)
25. Torpid lethargy gives you the general idea (4)
26. Bird, mostly minute? By no means! (3)
27. Do, do return for your skirt (4)
30. Auxiliary verb (3)
31. When distressed, really cut up, here's the solution (4)
32. Inroad, largely 30 in origin (4)
34. Governing body may be seen for the first 19.2 hours of every day (4)
35. I hear, is going to do me a good turn (3)
37. Wrap is fairly valuable (5)
41. Referee in the end shows keen resentment (3)
42. You Reds . . . just like 21 (3)
44. The vessel's quite large enough, one hears (5)
48. Rust? You finally have to do it all over again (5)
46. Elizabethan 'have' (3)
47. Might be 25 (7)
48. Final & Co., U.S. metal suppliers (4)
53. In Peru, Uruguay in the first place, actually in Brazil (3)
55. British score near the centre (3)
58. In the bar I tell them 'same again' (3)
59. Bright notes (4)
61. Flower-girl (5)
62. Lower Jurassic, but largely incognito (4)
63. His appearance is quite in order in Paraguay (3)
66. At least a blade can provide it (4)
67. She was fair and lovable (6)
68. You could surely find a use for him! (4)
69. I left one girl for another (4)

DOWN

4. Peak periods—around the beginning of supper (3)
8. Might be a 36 (4)
13. Not much water here, and that mostly bad (4)
14. A climber gets into the Council (3)
15. Light-hearted landowner (5)
19. 12 is this 70 and 3 (7)
22. Fed on fresh green food, formerly said to contain liquid (6)
29. Coin turns up in hiding-place (4)
33. Prominent feature in play-back (3)
36. Goes short by day in 10 (4)
40. Singularly frothy direction in France (3)
43. One pound's quite enough for such garments (4)
49. I scold, showing signs of 41 (5)
54. Bread cutter (4)
56. Where even vile pabulum finally finds its way! (5)
60. Place of learning is gold indeed! (4)
64. Old, as the world of entertainment goes (3)
65. Scots relish a sea-bream (3)

Solution of No. 1,392



NOTES

The twenty unclued lights are all to be found in Webster under "knot".

Across: 13. APH-IS. 17. AL-COR-AN. 18. NI-OBE. 23E. B-ELL-E. 26. VERDI(GRIS). 30R. 'Twelfth Night'. 31. LORE. 32. INRO. 39. G-ADO-ID. 40. AL-PACA. 41. DEEM. 48. 22 less 20. 50. PARAVANE. 51. E-HERALD. 52. VERDE(T). 55R. Hidden. 57. KIS-ME-T. 58. LO-SIN-G.

Down: 2. George Eliot's 'Spanish Gypsy'. 8. A-L-COVE. 24R. LEA-L. 34. IDOLS. 36. MA-NILE-T. 37. ANY. 44R. Keats' 'Endymion'. 46. ULE. 47. Hidden. 49. Hidden. 54. 56R. Three mngs.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: D. P. M. Michael (Whitchurch); 2nd prize: R. E. Williams (Berkhamsted); 3rd prize: H. W. Clarke (Sunbury-on-Thames)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to obtain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from the Director of Studies, Dept. FE21, **WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

has ended the quest of many exacting and adventurous smokers; it appeals especially to those who constantly seek inspiration in their pipe. Through its full harmony of fragrance runs the mellow theme of Red Virginia—blended to perfection with the subtle tones and undertones of rare Oriental tobaccos. Matured and prepared in the old time manner, Rattray's 7 Reserve is as 'complete' as Walton's angler. As an accompaniment to reverie, as a stimulus to creative thought, its deeply satisfying aroma is a delight that never palls.

A customer writes from Bridgend...
"...quite out of the ordinary run of proprietary brands: I am more than satisfied with it."

To be obtained
ONLY from:

CHARLES
RATTRAY
Tobacco Blender
PERTH, SCOTLAND

Price 84/- per lb.
Post Paid. Send
2/4 for sample
quarter lb. tin.



EVENING LECTURES

(Illustrated) WEDNESDAYS AT 6.15 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

Feb. 20th **THE CASTLES OF LUDWIG II OF BAVARIA**
by Prince Franz Zu Seyn Wittgenstein

Feb. 27th **RAPHAEL AND THE CLASSICAL TRADITION**
by Sir Kenneth Clark

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.Sc. Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

Home Study Courses

● U.C.C. prepares students for London University General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), External Degrees (B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., etc.), and various Diplomas; General Certificate (all Levels, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others); Law Society Prelim., Bar (Pts. I and II), Teachers' Diplomas, Civil Service, and many other examinations. Private Study Courses available in Sociology, Modern Languages, Economics, &c. The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees.

★ Write for free PROSPECTUS of U.C.C. Courses to the Registrar,
56 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

more than usual A matter of Interest

An investment in an old-established conservatively managed Building Society such as The Planet combines unquestionable security and liquidity and, in this case, an unusually generous return.

You can invest £1 to £5,000 in the

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

(Member of The Building Societies Association)

Interest payable from the first day of investment

3 ³/₄ %

NET PER ANNUM

equal to 6 ¹/₂ % on investments
taxable at standard rate

The Society pays the Income Tax
Facilities for immediate withdrawal

Write for details, Accounts and Application Form to

Planet House, Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2. Tel: MONarch 8985

FREE

BROCHURE ON THE LATEST METHODS
OF HOME TRAINING

CAREERS—HOBBIES—NEW INTERESTS
PRIVATE AND INDIVIDUAL TUITION IN YOUR OWN HOME

NEW!

LEARN THE PRACTICAL WAY

with EXPERIMENTAL OUTFITS
With many courses we supply equipment
for practical work at reasonable cost.

These include:
RADIO, TELEVISION, ELECTRICITY,
CHEMISTRY, MECHANICS, CARPENTRY,
PHOTOGRAPHY, DRAWING, etc.

Courses from 15/- per month

EMI INSTITUTES

An Educational Organisation associated
with E.M.I. group of Companies including:
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE", COLUMBIA, etc.

POST THIS COUPON TODAY.

Send for our FREE book, E.M.I. INSTITUTES
Dept. 183, Grove Park Road, London, W.4

NAME

ADDRESS

Subject(s) of interest..... 1412/57. I.C.70

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.; for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc., external London University Degrees; for Civil Service Local Government and commercial exams.; for professional exams. in Law, Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management; for I.S.M.A., Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

More than 90,000 POST-WAR EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book lending library. Moderate fees,
payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (DI/1):

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE

ST. ALBANS

or call 30 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

GOOD ENGLISH gives you Confidence

How you can gain poise—
develop your personality
—achieve success

Hundreds of ambitious people have discovered a fascinating, simplified way to improve their English, gain self-confidence and develop their personality, and thus pave the way to success.

If you wish to become a good conversationalist, to write entertaining letters and to express your ideas fluently, take the first step by sending to The Regent Institute (Dept. Y/391C), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for a free copy of "Word Mastery," an interesting booklet that gives details of the attractively planned Effective English Course. Please enclose a stamp to cover postage.

BM/BOOK

STORIES WANTED

by the British Institute of Fiction-writing
Science Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1.
Suitable stories are revised by us and submitted to editors on a 15% of sales basis. Unsuitable stories are returned with reasons for rejection. Address your MS. to Dept. 32.

WE TEACH ONLY FICTION-WRITING

Criticism and Courses for the discerning by specialists. For 16 years we have been receiving testimonials from full- and part-time authors, professors, doctors, high-ranking officers and officials—all types. Many of the authors you read are ex-students. Our unique system of taking 10% of your sales monies ensures our maximum efforts on your behalf. Fee returned if unearned.

The Professional Touch is FREE from Dept. 32

The Sign of SCIENCE & SALES

ONION SETS

(AILSA CRAIG TYPE)

50 - 1/9 100 - 3/-
250 - 7/- 500 - 13/6

1,000 - 26/-

POST PAID

HENDERSONS

LEADENHALL MARKET
LONDON, E.C.3